

MAGAZINE

by Dave Beck

GEO.
RECKAS

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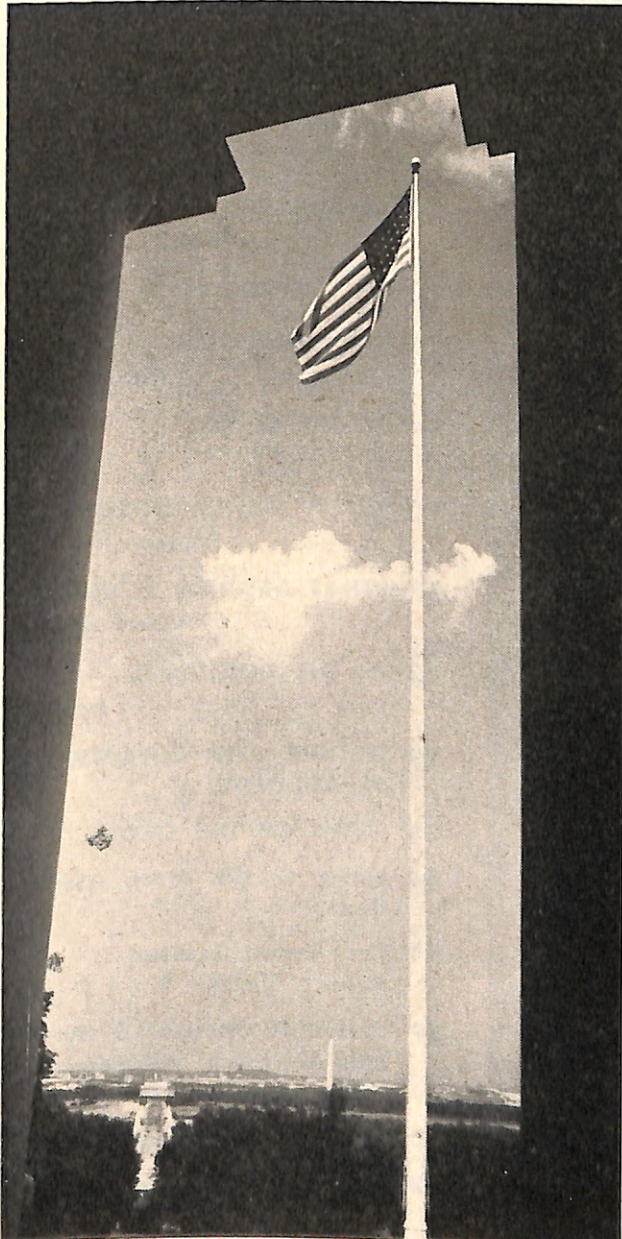
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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



Ewing Galloway

*"I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America,
and to the Republic for which it
stands, one Nation, indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all."*

LET'S TALK IT OVER

MY BROTHERS:

July means the end of my year as Grand Exalted Ruler and the beginning of a new year with another leader selected by you at the helm.

I regretfully lay down the insignia of the highest office of our Order, but only because of the many things I wanted to do but did not find it possible to accomplish.

I had high hopes to be of some real service to our Order, and I desired actual accomplishments for its betterment.

Almost one million Elks have been so kind and considerate of my shortcomings—your magnificent support has partially atoned for my limitations.

You have stood strongly behind me in my earnest endeavor to make our Order finer and better—more highly respected by all people everywhere.

The greater majority of our members stand courageously for better things and for greater, worthwhile achievements and desire to keep from our Order any developments which might bring discredit and criticism.

To those who have backed me in my endeavors in that behalf, I thank you from the very bottom of my heart. Your increased pride of membership will be your proper reward.

I feel certain that we have awakened a new spirit of American Patriotism in the breasts of many—especially thousands of new Boy Scouts, sponsored by Elk lodges.

Redouble your efforts in this most important cause.

I believe that we have this year brought hundreds of thousands of our members to the proper realization of the communistic dangers confronting our Nation, and that our efforts have caused constructive work to be initiated to curb this attack on those things we hold most dear. I sincerely believe that our statesmen and our public officials are conscious of our efforts to safeguard America and that effectual protective measures will be passed to permit us to punish or expel those who advocate the overthrow of the American form of Government.

Carry on, my Brother Elks. The cause is vital and dear to all of us. The victory must be assured.

May I thank you in all sincerity for the greatest opportunity of my life. May I thank you for the tens of thousands of kind remarks in your letters, for your smiles of encouragement and warm Elk handclasps. I thank you for the fine commemorative gifts you have given us, which, I assure you, I always will hold close to my heart.

You are the greatest group of American gentlemen that any man was ever privileged to represent. Please give to my distinguished successor even more affection and more support than you so generously gave to me.

I step back into the ranks where I trust I may do even more for our Fraternity when I am taking orders rather than giving them.

May God give to all of you health, happiness, strength and success. May He continue to bless our beloved Order and preserve the country where liberty and happiness, tolerance and good will must ever reign supreme.

Faithfully yours,

L. A. LEWIS
GRAND EXALTED RULER

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
AGO THIS MONTH
IN THE ELKS
MAGAZINE**



AN ADDRESS published in the July, 1923, issue, made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley as Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee, highlights the origin of one of the basic ideas in the formulation of our Elks National Foundation. "There is also the scheme which I personally believe in," Mr. Malley said, "and that is the Elks Scholarship plan. I have talked with you about that on other occasions. You know about it. It may be that it will develop into certain national scholarships throughout the country."

To reread stories and articles published in *The Elks Magazine* a quarter-century ago and compare their style and tempo with writings of today is an adventure in the study of popular literature. Then manuscripts were leisurely, discursive, philosophical. Now they are defined, objective, realistic, vying for attention like whitecaps in a sea and air of printed and oral images.

The warp and woof of "Strategy Camp" by Edward Mott Woolley in our July, 1923, issue consisted entirely of philosophical strings. "Twenty Knots to the Bishops", by Vivian Drake, had moralizing byplays which arrested the action of the story in a manner shunned in periodical fiction today. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener's contribution to that issue, "The Influence of True Sportsmanship" was a leisurely philosophical piece pleading with Elks to encourage sports and the establishment of playgrounds to foster the sense of individualism stolen from man by the perfection of the machine.

The Stage and Screen department of the July, 1923, number featured Laurette Taylor and Lynn Fontanne in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury", and Lillian Gish in "The White Sister". Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson were pictured in "Trailing African Wild Animals", probably the first of their series.

A fraternal news article featured in the 1923 issue: "Elks of Denver, Colo., Blaze a Trail with a Charity Circus on a Business Basis" points attention to the many novel charitable activities undertaken by our lodges which are recorded in our bound volumes since the establishment of the Magazine in June, 1922. An article describing the most unusual of them might prove very interesting.

J. S.

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THE

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

OUR cover this month, executed by George Reckas, is this department's idea of how a circus poster ought to be executed. The only thing it does not have is the wonderful smell of roasting peanuts.

Our lead-off story on page 4, "Barbecue for Taffy" by William H. Corson, offers a new and different approach on how to deal with a kidnaper. Riley's wife is a little squeamish but she uses her head and a flatiron.

Caswell Adams, for many years one of the best known of the newspaper sports writers, has been obliged to give up his favorite activity—golf. He has developed a theory which he attempts to prove in an article which we have entitled "Is Pro Golf Stymied?" on page 6. Please note illustration. It is by Mr. Reckas again.

Labor, according to Dave Beck, Executive Vice President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, wants free enterprise. Mr. Beck explains the hopes and purpose of organized labor in an informative article which appears on page 8.

There are few events more significant in the history of the United States than the settling of the colony at Jamestown. Mr. Adolph Schultz, a thorough student of American History, has written an account of the founding and trials of the colony in an article on page 10.

Neckties have a long and varied past. The hand-painted jobs you see around nowadays may seem to bear little relation to the original cravats, but they do. Read "Fit To Be Tied" by W. C. Bixby for the informative piece on that strip of silk you wear under your collar. Let us refer you to page 14.

Our fraternal section this month is full and varied. It contains a new feature called "The Elks Family Album". We were not aware until we began this feature how many lodges could boast of the membership of large family groups. Many of them have as many as six and seven relatives, all Elks, belonging to the same branch of the Order.

Due to serious illness, our Turntable Talker, Mr. Charles Miller, was unable to write his column for this issue as of closing date, therefore it does not appear. We hope Mr. Miller will be back with us next month.

Our Mr. Faust came down with some dire ailment recently and so gruesome were his experiences in hospital that it turned his mind toward those afflictions suffered by his favorite subject—"purps". Eddie's many miseries induced in him a deep sympathy for ailing canines. C. P.

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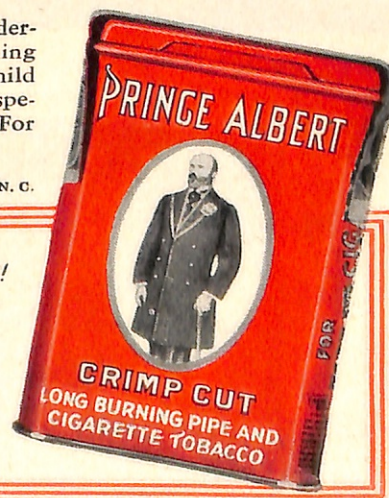
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IT'S SMOOTH ROLLING—
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



A Barbecue



Illustrated by HY RUBIN

When Ellen came back, Riley handed her the

The ideas Riley's wife had!

Absolutely wonderful in

dealing with kidnappers.

RILEY was working in the low-walled patio on the north side of the ranch house. He stepped back from the easel and looked at the desert with annoyance. It wasn't cooperating. The late sun was switching colors too fast on the vegetation and on the fretwork peaks and canyons of the distant Dragoons. The blues and purples were sliding toward indigo and the golds were getting obnoxiously red. Time to knock off painting for the day.

He cleaned the brushes and was scraping the paint off the palette when Ellen stepped out through the French window at the end of the patio. Rolled-up sleeves and a small frilly apron worn over her jodhpurs gave his wife an appearance of cozy domesticity, jarred slightly

For Taffy

BY WILLIAM H. CORSON



gun and then went to work with the rope.

by the coyote trap she was carrying. One of the horses in the corral spotted her and tossed an amiable nicker across the yard, but Ellen ignored the overture.

"Hey, da Vinci," she said, "Where's the Taffy-brat?"

"I should know?" Riley said. "Why?"

"She's past due for potato scraping, and dinner could happen almost any time now."

Riley finished off the palette with a turpentine rag, then shrugged. "Okay. I can't stand the suspense any longer. Why are you fondling that gadget? You figure on baiting it for our daughter?"

"This?" Ellen looked down at the trap. "Oh, no, don't be ridiculous, darling. It's to help me get dinner. Just applied genius, that's all".

"I knew I shouldn't ask," Riley said. He wiped his fingers on his bluejeaned legs and sighed.

"You can set it for me now, please. You see," Ellen explained proudly, "I suddenly realized how silly it was to make a spectacle of myself chasing a chicken all over the pen when we have these things handy."

Riley cocked his crew-cut to one side and contemplated his small wife with admiration. "Wonderful," he said finally. "The ideas you have! Absolutely wonderful. There's just one little thing, though . . . how do you keep the rooster out of it?"

"The rooster? Oh—" Ellen pursed her lips and frowned. "Well, statistically, there's only one chance in eighteen of catching Jupiter. We—we could let him go and reset it, couldn't we?"

"No sale." Riley shook his head with emphasis. "You're a visionary. Sure, we could let him go, but it would leave him practically a basket case. You don't realize the bite those things have."

ELLEN looked at the trap wide-eyed, then dropped it into an empty flower pot. "You men!" she said with a desolate sigh. "Clods! All cold brain and no emotion!" She leaped onto the patio wall, flailing her arms for balance, then looked around at the desert, shading her eyes with a slim brown hand as she rotated toward the sun.

"Aggie's a good old horse," she said. "Lots of character. If Taffy did fall off, Aggie'd wait."

"Aggie couldn't throw her off an eastern saddle," Riley scoffed. "Let alone one of these western rocking chairs."

"Riley, dear," Ellen said, still staring into the West. "Yeah?"

"Either the dust clouds in this area have chromium fittings, or there's a car coming in from the main road."

"Well, well." Riley closed the top of his paint box, stepped onto the wall beside her and squinted across the expanse of ocotillo and greasewood. "Well, well," he repeated. "Out of the nowhere, into our hair. Hmmm, How much would a herd of alligators cost us, do you suppose? This plague of visitors—"

"Too much upkeep," Ellen said firmly. "Taffy's not durable enough for alligators. Except maybe small ones."

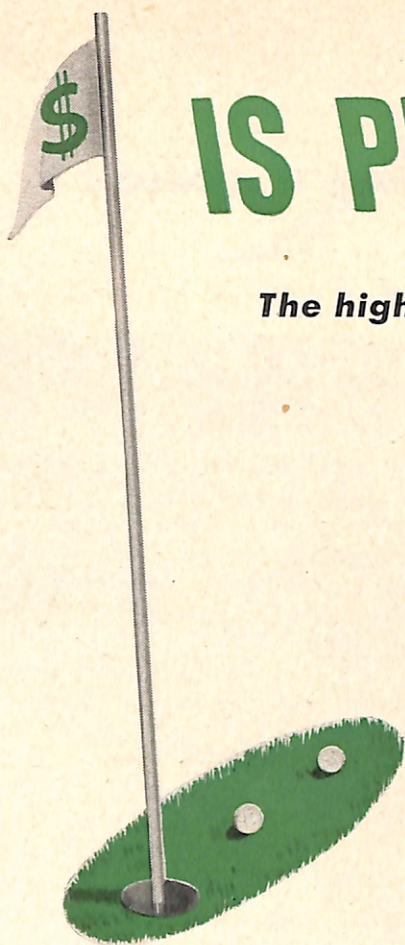
Her husband pushed her off the wall and they strolled to the far corner of the house, near the open door of the tack room. Riley leaned against the hitch rack and played idly with the old horseshoe hooked over it, sliding the shoe back and forth along the polished wooden pole.

Presently Ellen said in a surprised voice, "Why, it's them. Those characters that were here at noon."

"Same car," Riley agreed. "Can't see anyone but the driver, though, can you?"

Ellen shook her head. "Unh-unh. I could spare both of them."

(Continued on page 23)



IS PRO GOLF STYMIED?

The high cost of golf is making it rough for the youngsters.

BY CASWELL ADAMS

THE forbidding cost of a round of golf these days rules out young men who in less costly days would be developing their game to a lofty degree and forming the ranks from which the future champions must come. Now, golf is limited, for the most part, to men in the thirties (and older) and these men are not experienced enough to go after the gold and glory that is at the end of a long putt in the National Open.

Eventually, our championships will have fields of mediocre golfers, with here and there an outstanding shot-maker who had dough when he was young. Now, I fully realize that these statements put me out on a limb open to axes and saws from all quarters, and I have carefully consulted with experts on the subject and have, in the course of quaffing a martini here and there, received many answers.

The noble opponents of my theory have offered to punch me in the nose. Adherents of the thesis have even offered to write this piece themselves. (Which might have been a good idea.) But, fearless as ever . . .

Run down the agate type listing on the sports page of the players in the most recent professional golf tournament as the players tour the land playing for Chamber of Commerce gelt. All the names are familiar, because they have been in

that agate type for years and years and no newcomers have come along to push them out of their way of living.

For ten years and more we've read the names of Sam Snead and Ben Hogan and Jimmy Demaret and Vic Ghezzi and Dick Metz and Lloyd Mangrum and Clayton Heafner and Herman Keiser and Lew Worsham and Tony Penna and Johnny Bulla and Ellsworth Vines and the Turnesa family. These alternate in winning the tournaments now that Byron Nelson is counting his war bonds in Texas. The only new names are those of Bobby Locke, the plus-foured South African, who is no kid, and Frank Stranahan, the young amateur from Toledo whose old man is a millionaire owner of a spark plug company. (And the last time I peeked under an auto's hood I saw plenty of spark plugs.)

The monetary pickings for the top pros is good, but the vast majority of the players just bat the ball around and get peanuts. They couldn't possibly afford to play the game unless they were subsidized by the golf club and ball manufacturers. But they have nothing to fear from younger men, and these names will be taking down the chips for ten years more.

WHEN I was a boy in Bellport, Long Island, just about the time Pershing and Foch were giving Hindenburg the business, golf was a game for young men. We used to sneak out on the links (links are golf courses that run alongside water) at seven in the morning, starting at the third hole and never getting within eye-shot of the clubhouse and its guardians who would insist on greens fees from the sons of members of this nine-hole playground. We played with hand-me-down clubs and battered and stolen balls. In the afternoons we caddied, and felt extremely wealthy with the eighty cents generously proffered by the gaffer for whom we had lugged a weighty bag eighteen holes.

Then we graduated to an intermediate membership (meaning we couldn't play Saturdays, Sundays or holidays) and were on our own. We would buy balls for half a dollar, and our clubs cost about three dollars each and the membership was downright reasonable. Some of those boys became crack golfers.

But now that can't be done. The costs are prohibitive.

Of the 4,873 golf courses in the United States, 3,073 are private, with a breakdown into 1,177 eighteen holers and 1,896 of the nine hole variety. An average cost of a single membership is \$350, with the full family entitled to play for \$500. And that, at a private club, is only the beginning. There are tips and care of the clubs and shoes, and payments for a locker and the caddies get a minimum of two dollars a round and will gladly scale your bag into the nearest pond unless a half-dollar tip is tacked on.

There is always the delightful proximity of a jolly bar and the privilege of signing chits for drinks and meals, and a staggering bill at the end of the month without realizing that you have amassed such an amount. Of course, golf *per se*, can't be blamed for eating and drinking habits. A guy'd eat and drink even if he didn't play golf.

There are 1,061 "fee" courses in the land, where membership is not required but where a daily greens fee is charged. This item runs from \$3 on a weekday to \$6 over a weekend or on a holiday.

There are 736 municipal courses, only 321 of which are eighteen-hole length, and it costs a man about \$5 to play one of these "free" courses. Here's how that breaks down. It's only a dime on a weekday, and half a buck on Saturdays and Sundays. A fanatic can get a season's permit, good from March through December, for five dollars. Then a ball costs a dollar and there are one or two lost each round because of the haste to keep up with the mob. A caddie on these links gets \$2, including the tip, and it varies from a dime to two dollars for fare to and from the course. On weekends the golfer on a municipal course has to wait anywhere from two to three hours to tee off the first tee, unless he gets there at five in the morning.

The average golfer in the nation—and there are twelve million of them—spends between \$20 and \$30 a year for lessons or occasional aid from a professional. A golfer is never satisfied with his game, a state of mind fostered by the pros who thrive on hooks and slices, both mental and actual. And there are hothouse pros

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LABOR

ANY unbiased person the least bit familiar with fundamental economic truths knows and concedes that labor is the prop, the shoring, the bulwark of free enterprise in this country.

There is certainly nothing revolutionary or novel in this thought. Free enterprise not only needs labor, it cannot live without it. Labor needs free enterprise also. Without it there would be no free democratic unions. This is true despite the continuing differences between management and labor concerning wages, hours, and working conditions.

Intelligent labor leaders of free trade unions certainly are acutely aware that the very life of the union movement is bound up in fighting for and adrenalizing the American way of business and economic life known as private enterprise.

Labor has known for some time the kind of a society in which it did not want to live. Could not live! With the wisdom of experience and sacrifice of dreadful years behind it, labor has come to know that the kind of living it wants can be had only through a system of free enterprise; through a system where a man may be a menial today and own his own business tomorrow; where he and his family can laugh and love and learn.

Therefore, free enterprise does not belong to capital alone. It also is very much the interest and responsibility of Labor. Actually, it is up to both to fight and make free enterprise live. The two have been split by serious differences in past years. This often gave many persons a basis for misunderstanding the attitude of labor toward free enterprise. The primary undercurrent, the things which the majority of both sides still fundamentally agree upon, always have been of greater importance than the things about which they quarrel. In other words, labor and management are inherently more friendly than otherwise. In my opinion, both labor and capital are going to have to consider whether free enterprise is sufficient reason for a firm determination to preserve these things we deem essential, in the face of a common peril. The alternative is for both to be eliminated.

THE issue transcends all individual selfish motives on either side. Labor has every faith in free enterprise because labor realizes that under this system the cause of human rights and the dignity of man advanced further than under any other system.

Labor demands free enterprise because labor knows and understands that the very tenets of the private property design, when properly administered, profess

WANTS FREE ENTERPRISE

the deepest regard for personal liberty and security.

In the labor movement, we are cognizant that the essential unit of equal chance, of security, of education, of personal privilege and individual freedom, is within such an arrangement of regulation as the free enterprise plan. We recognize, too, that the final consummation of this realization is inextricably connected with a system of free enterprise, supported by our representative form of government, the constitutional guarantees and the principles of private ownership.

Labor wants a free enterprise because the needs of labor are identical with the needs of the average American: a good job and the chance to study and advance in position, salary and security; to marry, have children and be able to provide decent living quarters, adequate and nourishing food; opportunity for educational and vocational choice; the American luxury of reasonable household appliances and accepted small conveniences; the chance of relaxation, comfort and a share of pleasure in living.

Perhaps, too, a degree of importance might be added, in proper perspective, to embroider the dignity of humanism. And under the free enterprise system it is a poor man indeed who is not important to someone even though it be solely within the confines of his "castle".

As to the substitute or substitutes for free enterprise, communism or socialism, they are both unsatisfactory. The only possible reason for the advancement of communism in this country is the great gap between those that have so much and those that have so little. The continual advancement and development of all working people into middle-class security and comfort is the greatest bulwark that could be erected against the inroads of a new economic order. This can only be done in a land of plenty, with the combined tools of labor and capital to the profit of the third partner, the general public.

We want no proletariat in this country? Communism does not offer a better way. It does not offer us a fuller life, more liberty, more progress. Instead, it offers only slavery, regimentation, lack of individual initiative, dictatorship. Yet we know the breeding places of communism are amidst hardship and deprivation. Restrict and regiment free and honest labor unions and you tear down that most substantial barrier, along with religion and freedom of speech, which the nation has of bulwarking itself against the red menace.

As for socialism, those legislators who would ham-



BY DAVE BECK

Dave Beck, Past Exalted Ruler of Seattle Lodge No. 92, is Executive Vice-President of the International Bro. of Teamsters, Warehousemen and Helpers of America and the General Organizer in charge of the 11 States in the Western area. He also is Regent of the University of Washington and a former member of the Washington Board of Terms and Prison Paroles. During the war, Mr. Beck was director of the union Rubber and Oil Conservation Committee and is recognized as a ranking union official on the Pacific Coast—in prestige, influence and labor statesmanship.

per and destroy free unions should not be unaware of what is going on in another parliamentary democracy. How did the socialist government of Great Britain come about? Great strikes swept England after the first World War. Short sighted industrialists and members of parliament unfamiliar with their histories and their economics enacted viciously restrictive laws. Labor was crushed temporarily. Management sat back relieved.

The British Trade Unions, far from giving up, entered the field of politics and organized more intensely than ever before. They believed that only through politics which had restricted them could they restore

(Continued on page 22)

*The men of Jamestown
set an enduring
example of vision
and fortitude.*



Landmark of

BY ADOLPH R. SCHULTZ

THE paramount purpose of this article is the selling of America to Americans. It is to help the American of today make a more accurate appraisal of his heritage as a citizen of the United States of America. It is to make him conscious of the stupendous fact that he is indeed "kith and kin" with the founders of our Republic. It is to remind him that as a citizen he possesses a legacy superior to the citizenship of any nation under heaven. The writer of this article asked a score or more of friends in all walks of life if they could tell him where America was born and not a single one answered the question correctly. This lack of knowledge concerning the foundation of our country has resulted in the preparation of this piece. It is sincerely hoped that a study of this article will stimulate devotion of country and make citi-

zenship the most valuable of our possessions.

The Birth of a Nation! This is an event in which the Creator of all things has an abiding interest and we may be positive that it affects the entire world for all time. The founding of America must ever remain one of the most important and noblest enterprises of the world. No movement ever was conducted by men more competent or inspired by grander ideas, and no men ever had greater difficulties to overcome. The grand objective of these men was the spreading of the English race and culture, commerce and commonwealth, and the planting of civil and religious liberty in the New World. No less a personage than Sir Francis Bacon, in one of his philosophic moods, was the author of the statement that "in the arts and sciences the first invention is of more importance than all the



sagacity it was reasoned that the establishment of a colony as a private venture would excite no suspicion or animosity that might prompt a war. If such a move proved unsuccessful the loss would be that of the private companies. If the venture succeeded, James was not responsible. It was with such reasonings that the Virginia Company came into being. It is only natural that the personnel of such an expedition would consist of the restless, pushing, far-seeing material of which the pathfinders of the world have ever been made.

The men on this venture were merchants and businessmen of keen foresight and ability. They understood the risks they undertook, but at heart they entertained the hope that its propagation would result in the realization of the English Church in America, the extension of the English nation and the increase of British trade. Actually, deeper than all these desires lay another dream that was not voiced at the moment, the prayer that this monumental undertaking was really an act of Providence in their favor, to give birth to a new country after God's own heart. Among these leaders was a man by the name of Sir Edwin Sandys. This man in his youth had visited Geneva to study the reformed religion and became impressed with the republican institutions of the Swiss state. It was Sandys' firm conviction that, "if God from heaven did constitute a forme of government on Earth,

(Continued on page 33)

This spot they named Jamestown and it became the Birthplace of the United States of America.

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

history

improvements afterward and in the kingdoms the first foundation or plantation is of more noble dignity than all that followeth." As we proceed it will be seen readily that the very first germ-thoughts of the founders were a replica of the entire future of the United States of America.

TRULY, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" and so it happened that King James I in the very beginning of his reign perceived that Philip III of Spain had designed to make America his own. He realized also that if England wished to maintain its position as a great naval and mercantile people, the establishment of colonies in America was an absolute necessity. Peru, Mexico and the West Indies already had added very materially to the immense power of the Spanish King. With uncanny



ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Maybe it's because businessmen no longer feel the need to come to Washington every other week, but, at any rate, the Department of Commerce reports that passenger traffic on the Nation's railroads is moving downward steadily. A survey just completed shows that revenue passenger miles are down 50 per cent from 1944, while freight traffic, after reaching a postwar low in the first half of 1946, has been recovering steadily. In the last quarter of 1947 it was within 10 per cent of the peak quarter during the war. Hauls are shorter now than during the war, but carloadings and the average load per car are over the wartime peaks, a time-honored indication of economic strength.



Three publications of interest to businessmen have just been issued here. "The Small Businessman and his Financial Statements", published by the Office of Small Business, is designed to aid small business proprietors in understanding more fully the accounting requirements of their businesses, how financial statements are made up and how they may be used in improving the quality of management. "Small Business and Trade Marks", issued by the same office, points out the advantages to be gained and the pitfalls to be avoided in the use of distinctive trademarks as aids to increased sales. In addition, the Marketing Division of the Department of Commerce has released a new, 100-page edition of "State, Regional and Local Market Indicators", which contains data for use in market analysis.



Is consumer price-resistance weakening? Recent reports to the Office of Business Economics would seem to indicate that it is. Retail store sales are now running about 11 per cent above a year ago and signs of a definite pick-up in trade are evident. For example, sales in April, after seasonal adjustment, were three per cent above the average for the six-month period ended in March and one per

cent over the previous high reached in December of last year.

Furthermore, sales increases are being reported for both durable and nondurable goods stores. Two factors are believed responsible. Consumers, it is pointed out, may be fearful of tightened supplies resulting from the defense and European aid programs, for one thing. Then again, Mr. and Mrs. America may have given up waiting for the price cuts they hoped would follow in the wake of the break in primary markets earlier this year.



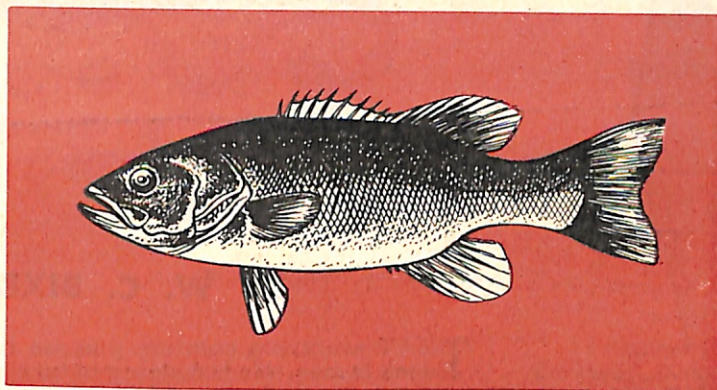
Paralleling these increased sales, has come a renewed upturn in new orders placed with manufacturers. In addition, the latest reports show a \$1 billion increase, to \$11.7 billion, in retail inventories and a moderate advance in personal, non-agricultural income--above the average rate in the fourth quarter of 1947, but below that in December and January. Likewise, domestic business investment has increased sharply, from \$30 billion to \$36 billion at annual rates, the bulk of the increase being caused by the heavy accumulation of trade inventories. Meanwhile, the Nation's farm mortgage debt continues to shoot upward and is now estimated to be above \$4,822 million dollars.



While their mortgages are rising, U.S. farmers are cutting back elsewhere. The demand for chicks for farm flock replacement this Spring was 29 per cent below that of a year ago and turkey growers are raising about a fifth fewer turkeys. With high meat prices and smaller supplies of red meat and chicken than in 1947, Department of Agriculture officials predict that turkey prices during the marketing season will be at least 10 per cent above 1947--and thus will establish a new record high. Food supplies will be seasonally more plentiful this summer but relatively smaller than last year. Prices are expected to remain above the 1947 levels.

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ROD and GUN



BY DAN HOLLAND

The fellow with the unusual approach catches the bass.

ONE of the best fishermen I know hails from Kentucky, a State that produces bass and bass fishermen in the grand manner on a par with her thoroughbreds. I like to fish with this man, and I like to listen to him talk about bass. I enjoy listening to anyone who has something to say, especially if it's about fishing.

Kentucky is the ancestral home of bass fishing. This is where, over a hundred years ago, bait casting was born through the invention of the multiplying casting reel. Back in those days a group of Kentucky bass fishermen who also were jewelers—the Meeks, Gaylords, Talbots and Snyders—gave birth to the idea of a free-running reel from which a heavy lure could be cast directly. They made their reels with the precision of fine watches and developed the idea into the bait-casting reel as we know it today. Man, what they did for us bass fishermen!

This fishing gentleman from Kentucky has told me, with considerable pride, all about these fishermen-jewelers and the history of the reel, and I take in every word of it. I don't have any trouble believing what he says because one of my most prized possessions is a fine reel made many years ago in Frankfort. It runs as smooth as silk today and I take it bass fishing occasionally just for the thrill of casting with it. I'm as proud of those men who gave us the sport of bait casting as is my Kentucky friend.

This man likes to fish for anything, any time, any way, but he especially likes to throw a plug, which is understandable for anyone from the blue-grass country with this history behind him. He's a master with the short rod and can lay a plug on a dime. One day we were working along a heavily wooded river shore where the dark water swirled around

the boles of the trees and back in the undergrowth. It was an ideal spot for bigmouths, but required a little more casting skill than I was displaying. We were fishing from a small skiff, and the Kentucky gentleman sat in the stern operating a little outboard which he had tuned down until it sang as contentedly as a cooing dove. He ran the outboard and cast his plug into the likely pockets at the same time, and he never missed. When I hung up on a young cypress, he ran the bow of the skiff in gently while I unhooked the plug, then backed it out again without turning off the outboard. With a motor and operator like that, I was fishing in style.

ABOUT the third time I put my plug in the bushes he could see I was slightly embarrassed by my aim, and he told me a little story.

"There was an old uncle of mine, Uncle Jim," he said, "who wasn't worth a damn, except he was a good fisherman. He took me along sometimes, and he told me when I was just a little shaver: 'Just remember this, son,' he told me, 'no snags, no fish.' I've remembered it, and I've caught a lot of bass that I'd have passed by if I'd been afraid to stick a plug up under the bushes. A bass catches other fish by ambushing them, and he'll lie as close to a snag as he can get. Often the inside of a rock or sunken log, between the snag and the shore, is much better than the lake side of the snag."

It was good advice.

I asked him about his Kentucky fishing, especially about Reelfoot Lake, which is so famous for its bass.

"One of the best fishermen who ever hit the State," he told me, "was the Fishing Parson. He brought in more big bass than anyone else, and no one was quite sure how he did it. Well, one day my wife was having

five preachers in to dinner—five of them, mind you, at once. As soon as I heard about that, I decided to go fishing. Then I got to figuring what a dirty trick it was to let her face them all alone and went home in time for the gathering. It wasn't so bad anyway because only three of the preachers showed up. One of them kept eying my fishing tackle, and darned if he didn't turn out to be the Fishing Parson. We got pretty chummy and before the evening was over he broke down and told me how he caught those big bass. He used an outboard and he trolled with the motor wide open. I never heard of anything like that before. The bass apparently acted like salt-water fish that fall in behind a power boat to see what all the fuss is about."

The fellow with the unusual approach is often the one who catches bass. I told him about the way they catch smallmouths in the Finger Lakes area of New York. It's the strangest method of bass fishing I know anything about. They fish this way only on the dark of the moon, and the darker the night the better. If it's a cloudy night, that's fine. The best fishing is when it's as dark as the inside of a cat; so dark you can't find your own face with both hands. Then they troll, slowly and near the bottom, in about twenty feet of water. The lure they use, and this is the strangest part of all, is a large black fly made from the feathers of a Black Minorca rooster. Sometimes they use a dark red fly, but a pitch-black one works best. And the choice time of year is November, when the water is almost stiff with cold.

Some old-timers claimed that northern bass hibernated in the winter; that they curled up and snoozed off the cold weather like a bear in his den. I read one account, written years ago, where some old boy claimed to have rolled a hollow log out of the water and found it jam-packed with bass, like sardines in a can, sound asleep. Personally, I've never seen a sleepy bass, and they certainly don't do much hibernating around the Finger Lakes. Wherever winter fishing is allowed in the North, bass occasionally are taken through the ice on tip-ups by pickerel fishermen, and I doubt if those fish are swimming in their sleep.

"None of us knows much about bass," my friend agreed. "The more we learn, the less we realize we know. The only thing that can be said for certain is that no one can predict the next move of a black bass, and I guess that's what makes him the most fascinating critter of them all."

"Each section of the country seems to have its own peculiar methods of bass fishing," he went on, "and I've often wondered if those same methods might not work other places. You asked about Reelfoot Lake. Fishermen in Reelfoot have a system not used anywhere else that I know of, but it should work in any shallow, large-mouth lake where there are a

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Fit to

BY W. C. BIXBY

THAT scurrying creature you see retreating into the dusk is man. He is dodging in turn atom bombs, women, income tax forms and politicians. Man's life is an uneasy one, and yet, in the face of all this adversity, he manages to stand and fight occasionally. During these all too infrequent skirmishes with fate, man waves his banner of defiance which, if examined closely, turns out to be his necktie. For a man's necktie is the one remaining adornment over which he can exercise some control.

Men's suits, coats and hats are combinations of dull browns, blues and other somber hues. In fact, from the insect world on up there is no creature so insipidly dressed as modern man. In the midst of his colorless misfortune the male of the species has clung to his necktie for a bit of color in his costume. (As a matter of fact, a necktie serves no other purpose than to add the color. His coat keeps him warm, his shoes protect his feet from brambles, his hat keeps his head dry, his pants are an asset, but his necktie only strangles him.)

Although man's neckties do not serve to cover his nakedness, they have a high mission to perform. Neckties uplift men's souls. Their riotous color gives women pause and some men think so highly of ties that they will pay as much as \$1,200 for a single hand-painted silk cravat, and, what's more, \$100,000,000 is spent annually in America for the purchase of neckties. It would be well to determine the origin of this item on which man hangs his hopes.

Like many other origins, trying to find the first character who wore a necktie is next to impossible. The first time anything resembling a tie pops up in recorded history is back in the days of the Romans. Strangely enough, the first necktie did serve a useful purpose. Some Roman politician wrapped a cloth around his throat because of laryngitis. He had a campaign speech to make the next day and needed both lungs and his throat to vanquish his opponent. After that, all the Roman politicians, called orators in those days, became acutely aware of their larynx and went around with cloths about their necks. Viola! A fad was born.

It is then revealed that Roman soldiers on campaigns in cold northern climates wore neck cloths but considered them too effeminate for use around Rome. One is led to believe they were afraid of being mistaken for



Illustrated by RALPH GROSS

be Tied

**Because of his mousy attire,
man clings desperately to
his only hope—the cravat.**

politicians, which would never do for a Roman soldier.

At this point in history we must all pause and wait for the Dark Ages to pass. There is, unfortunately, no information on neckties during this period. Monks were off muttering in monasteries, knights were slewing each other and that was about all that happened.

But in 1636 the necktie came into its birthright. A bunch of fellows called Croats had ganged up to fight for the French (at a price) and they wore a neck cloth as their distinguishing feature. This set the French in a tizzy and since the French called the Croats "Cravates", the word "cravat" was born and is used today by some people when referring to neckties.

The Frenchmen became so enthusiastic about cravats that they organized a cravat-wearing regiment of their own. They then became so carried away with the idea in an artistic sense that they adapted the cravat to civilian dress. Soon it developed that no one who *was* anyone would be caught dead without a cravat. Since France was the artistic and fashion center of the world and remained so for some time, the idea caught on all over the world and the cravat was here to stay.

It was like yo-yos. Soldiers wore cravats all the time and they (the cravats) were so thick and heavy that it has been recorded that many lives were saved by the thick folds, which turned aside swords and the indifferent bullets of the day.

Aside from gilding the lily, cravats served a purpose. In those enlightened times men wore wigs, not to hide baldness, but to indulge another engaging fashion. The wigs drooped about their necks in disconsolate manner and the only portion of anatomy left uncovered was that beneath the chin. This area was promptly covered by a cravat. Since bathing was done annually it was deemed wise to cover all exposed areas.

Materials for cravats during that period of history were no more varied than other articles of dress. Soft white linen, mull, lawn and lace were used. Being esthetic, the French used a lot of lace, which was considered most elegant. Quite probably the cravat also served as a napkin and handkerchief. This lessened the artistic effect. The height of elegance, however, was reached by none other than Louis XVI, who, at his coronation, wore a special cravat made of human hair.

As civilization progressed, one cravat style was set by accident. Near the end of the 18th Century, when the French and English were having one of their dull little wars, the English sprang a surprise attack on the French near the village of Steenkirk. The French rose hurriedly from their beds, swearing at the ungentlemanliness of such a maneuver. They stumbled about in the darkness dressing as rapidly as circumstances permitted. They didn't have time to adjust their ever-present cravats. In the ensuing flurry they draped the cravats over their necks, twisted the ends together and slipped a ring over the affair to keep it from unraveling. The whole business made them so angry they went out and beat the English soundly. The net effect of the battle was the birth of a new and fairly simple knot called "The Steenkirk".

ABOUT 1770 in England, a group of young dandies grew up in their own peculiar way and really went to town on the cravat. Collars and cravats became terribly complicated. The dandies wore collars which came up to the level of their eyes and they bound the cravat so tightly around these collars that the wearer found it impossible to turn his head. The effect of these tight cravats was to give a dandy a more dandified appearance than ever. Since the dandy couldn't turn his head, he had to face whatever he wanted to see. He passed friends or acquaintances on the street unable to turn and bow. The ignoring this induced increased the dandy's reputation as a snob, which is what he wanted anyway.

At the beginning of the last Century, when Beau Brummel ruled fashion, ties and men's dress in general hit an all-time high. When friend Beau rose to dress he sent out invitations and everyone made a party of it. The ceremony was viewed by all men of fashion and even the Prince Regent, later George IV, came to watch Beau Brummel dressing. The crowning climax to the whole affair was when Beau put on his cravat. Undoubtedly there were sighs of envy when Beau wrapped the piece of cloth about his neck. History does not record that a string orchestra was engaged for these occasions, but it would not be surprising.

During the first quarter of the 19th Century, tie tying reached its peak. There were over 100 standard knots

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

YOU may not have heard of Mr. Mason Rose (no relation to Billy) but Mr. Mason Rose recently hit a nail so squarely on the head that he deserves a place, however transient, among our contemporary immortals: One day Mr. Rose stood up before an interior decorator's convention in Beverly Hills, California, and told the startled multitude that American women are driving their husbands crazy with their recently acquired fussy housekeeping complexes.

That's what the man said, and it was plenty. Anybody of exceptional courage might have said it, but at the peril of reprisals no more serious than mayhem. Mr. Rose, however, is head of the National Foundation for Psychological Research. As such he risked not only the physical danger of female retaliation but also professional cauterization. He did this in order to arouse the nation to what may be today's gravest threat to that most cherished of American institutions, the home.

A strange compulsion to decorate and re-decorate seems to have struck American Womanhood the way Dempsey struck Willard—totally. They've succumbed to it like a revival meeting reacting to Billy Sunday. One week the little woman reposes peaceably in the blessed serenity of her home, the family happily gathered about disturbed by nothing more than the problems of Dick Tracy or Steve Canyon. Then suddenly, without warning, she is sitting bolt upright like an exclamation mark, surrounded by home magazines and samples of wallpaper and draperies, talking apparent gibberish about Hitchcock pillowback chairs, spool beds and Pennsylvania Dutch sinks. Gone is the scene of domestic tranquility; the children have scooped up their comic books and fled, bleating, to the attic. Papa has retreated to the garage to find temporary but merciful sanctuary.

There was once a time, now not well remembered, when a man's house was his castle and womenfolk were expected to grace it, not to renovate

it. Men, being creatures of stability, were unable to accept the turmoil that inevitably accompanied Spring and Autumn housecleaning, though they subscribed to the virtue of this semi-annual demonstration of their women. The homemaking magazines of the period contained somewhat less than two hundred pages a month and none of these described how to make over a house into something Mr. Blandings dreamed of. They contained recipes for baking bread, simple but pleasing dress patterns, and pertinent, eagerly solicited information on raising six children on \$25 a week. In those days it was deemed improper for a wife to badger her husband to move the furniture around, "just to see how it looks with the piano by the window". Such a request would have made a woman appear flighty and unsettled, an unseemly condition which our grandmothers endeavored with some success to avoid.

THERE was a time (and this was it) when interior decoration consisted of wallpaper with flowers on it. You had a choice of roses or tulips and you could have them in pink or red. If you wanted to be fancy you hung up a framed sampler with a motto that showed decency, respect and, above all, stability, like God Bless Our Home. If grandmother was tempted to move things around a bit she knew better than to mention it. In January the new calendar from the coal dealer was hung in the hall. A woman might bedevil a man into putting up a couple of shelves in the kitchen. Beyond that there wasn't much talk about interior decoration.

There was a good reason for this reluctance to discuss a subject which today women consider as vital as breath itself. If Grandmother thought the house needed some fixing up she knew she was tagged to do the job. It was up to her to get a few yards of chintz, a steel needle and some good stout thread and go to it.

Today the pattern is different.

When she plans to redecorate in the living room, she says, "just change things a bit". The little woman then spends three hours in a beauty parlor preparing herself for the rigors of a visit to the local furniture store. After half a day of learned conversation with the head salesman, who is passed off on the more impressionable customers as a decorator with just a touch of French in him, she emerges exhausted but triumphant having successfully convinced the decorator that what her house needed would cost \$2,000 and not the mere \$1,500 he proposed. Emerging with her, but carefully concealed until the auspicious moment arrives for revealing her ghastly act, is a budget book which provides for monthly payments so convenient and painless that Papa will never notice them—at least no more than he would notice the absence of his teeth.

The craze for Early American antiques is merely one symptom—though one of the more expensive—of the urge to redecorate. Another, somewhat more devastating, is Ranchousetorasis, an advanced development that causes gangrene of the pocketbook and which is proving so slow in running its course that many believe it to be incurable.

Ranchousetorasis is a post-war plague which spread from houses built in the San Fernando Valley by persons employed in the motion picture industry and which, therefore, were, *per se*, glamorous. Anyone who had a house in the San Fernando Valley, even if he worked in a service station, even though it was on a piece of ground hardly bigger than a city lot, referred to his establishment as a "ranch". Because people in California know more about living than people elsewhere, the houses in the Valley had a combination of charm and functional planning which aroused admiration in almost all those who beheld them. As a result, these ranch houses received considerable notoriety, mostly favorable.

The ladies' homemaking magazines began featuring the ranch house furnishings in four-color pictures which affect the average housewife the way Woody Herman incites a jazz addict. Immediately throughout the land was heard a shrill, "I want some of that".

It is a comparatively simple proposition to do over a house in Early American. About all you need is a semblance of austerity. A few fiddle-back chairs, some pine paneling, a cobbler's bench for a coffee table and you're in. Not so the ranch house, which must provide the illusion of out-of-doors spaciousness. Achieving this effect in the average two-story, two-dormer suburban home is like expressing expansiveness of character through pursed lips; the feasibility factor is very low.

But this does not deter my frenzied lady. She doesn't hesitate to rip out a few walls and partitions and transform the cosy living-dining-study unit into a vast Thing highlighted at

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What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL



Books on Russia dominate the literary scene (this month).

WITH considerable noise and fanfare, Igor Gouzenko's book, *The Iron Curtain*, was released in late May, timed to coincide with the premiere of the movie of the same name which is based on Gouzenko's account of his years as a Soviet envoy to Canada. I must say that the attendant publicity was unfortunate. If this document of Gouzenko's is true—and it has been attested, in its important details, by the highest judicial and civil authorities of the Dominion—it is matter of the gravest importance and not something to be ballyhooed as shock entertainment for the box-office customers. We are not accustomed to dignified behavior on the part of Hollywood impresarios, I know, and it is probably idle to ask for it; but when they play with something that can affect the security of all of us, it seems to me it's time to call a halt.

The first part of Gouzenko's story is the personal history of a little man in Soviet Russia, of his youth and schooling—or, rather, indoctrination—as a Young Communist and his marriage. That section could be, most likely, the story of millions of the humbler citizens of Russia; it is only when the author gets assigned to Military Intelligence with the Red Army during the war, and is chosen for foreign service, that the book begins to take shape.

At first, Gouzenko says, he was innocent enough to believe that his foreign mission was a routine diplomatic job. But after rigid briefing and instruction in stealing information by the authorities in Moscow, he realized he was being sent out as a spy, to spy, not on the enemy, but on a trusting ally. It was with some misgivings that he said good bye to his family and his young wife, who



A scene from the motion picture, "The Iron Curtain", based on Igor Gouzenko's book of the same name.

was to follow later, and took the plane for Canada.

There are some rather comic passages wherein the author tells of his and his colleagues' slow awakening to the facts of Western life—the amazement on the part of Soviet emissaries of all kinds at the way the workers lived in Canada, their disbelief that the automobiles parked in tiers outside factories and war plants could be "workers' cars", and their dawning discovery that the common man of the corrupt capitalist democracies lived in creature comfort, and in an atmosphere of freedom, undreamt of in the Soviet workers' paradise. These, says the author, were dangerous thoughts. Woe to the Russian diplomat abroad who voiced his wonder, even to his most intimate associates, at what we take for granted.

The dramatic, and significant, part of the book comes toward the end when Gouzenko makes the difficult decision to turn his back on the fatherland and throw himself, his wife and his little son on the mercy of the Canadian government. In the course of his duties at the embassy, which were, specifically, the decoding and encoding of messages from and to the central bureau in Moscow in charge of foreign espionage, Gouzenko found that many supposedly loyal Canadian citizens, who were in positions of trust, actually were in the pay of the Russian government. A prominent British physicist, who had access to the secrets of atom bomb manufacture, a Member of Parliament and a number of lesser, but

no less dangerous, fry were steadily feeding confidential information to the Soviets through the embassy in Ottawa. Despite his communist indoctrination, Gouzenko was shocked at the perfidy of these Canadians, and, knowing to what use their information was being put, saw in the whole network of spying and intrigue a conspiracy which was aimed at the enslavement of the world. His action, which was to place documentary proof of the sell-out before the Canadian authorities, is, of course, history, but the account of his difficulties in getting his documents into the proper hands is less well known. For two days, after Gouzenko had taken French leave of his office in the embassy, with the damning papers in his possession, he went from one Canadian agency to another trying to get someone in authority to believe him. In the meantime, naturally, the N.K.V.D. was quietly scouring the entire city for him and his family, hoping to rub him out before he could do any damage. It was only by the fortunate intervention of a sympathetic and intelligent Royal Mounted policeman, who realized the importance of what the worried little Russian had to tell, that the story ever did come out.

An ironical twist at the end of the tale is that, while Gouzenko succeeded in sending a good number of traitors to prison for stiff terms, he automatically condemned himself to a nameless and hunted existence in Canada. For many years to come, neither he nor his wife nor his chil-

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IN THE DOGHOUSE

**Our man Faust has
been as sick as a pup**

with

Ed Faust



Cocker spaniels photographed by Ylla.

AS THIS is being written, I am newly returned from a hospital where I had two operations performed on me—one of a minor nature, the other a major job. I don't intend to go into a description of either, but I would like to grab the chance to let off a little steam.

The hospital I was sent to had all the accommodations of a day coach. I don't mean to knock all hospitals and, in a spirit of fair play, it may be that this was just one man's experience. The nurses on the day shift were swell, as were most of those on night duty—with the exception of the head night nurse, who I am sure is a member in good standing in the Amalgamated Order of Eyesores. I might also put Tessie of the day shift on the blacklist, although she wasn't hard to look at. She was cursed with a bad attack of parrot fever; she talked too much about too little. I would have remained in that joint longer than I did but another few days of it, I am sure, would have seen me transferred to a lunatic asylum.

Not long after my arrival, I began to talk about going home as quickly as possible and then the hospital attendants began talking about whether or not the hospital would sanction my leaving and, if it did, whether my doctor would approve of it. All of which encouraged me in my determination to leave quickly. As a rule, every time I put my foot down somebody steps on it, but this time the Faust dander (a fancy word for temper) was aroused, so here I am at home and happy because of it. When I got home my personal dog, whom you may have read about before in these pages, said to me, "Faust, this is the first time I've ever seen you anxious to get home. Now, while this hospitalization is still

fresh in your memory, why don't you write something for the customers to tell them what they should do if they have a dog that is on the sick list?"

This fellow of mine has often given me sage advice and more than once has suggested an article for these pages. So, taking his tip, we'll go into the subject of what to do when your purp is groggy but not quite in need of a veterinarian. We'll begin with his head: if his schnozzle starts to run, it is a symptom more serious on the way. Contrary to popular belief, a dry nose on a dog is no indication of ill health unless the dryness persists for four or five days. If this occurs, then the vet should be consulted. A very wet nose, and I mean the kind of wetness that is natural to a dog's beak, is no sign of ill health. There's a not-too-well-known, minute red parasite that sometimes invades Fido's nose, causing him to shake his head persistently, paw at his nose or rub it on the floor. This, too, means a job for the vet.

NOW we'll move into the tooth department. The purp's crockery is all-important, and therefore should be inspected from time to time to note if at the base of the teeth there is any accumulation of tartar, which causes foul breath and, ultimately, decay of the teeth. You can scrape off the tartar with a dull-bladed knife. If you note cavities in your dog's teeth, such teeth should be removed by your vet. They are not only likely to be painful to your pooch but will contribute considerably to canine halitosis. To some, it may come as news that a dog's teeth should be cleaned regularly—two or three times a week. Use a toothbrush with soft bristles. Milk of Magnesia is excel-

lent for cleansing, and so is powdered charcoal. For my own dogs I use one of the pastes sold for human use. The dog that frequently is given large, uncrackable bones to gnaw or very hard biscuits to chew will have healthier teeth and gums—and they'll be cleaner too.

As you very likely know, the two most important senses possessed by the dog are those of scent and hearing. It's a good thing to make a weekly examination of your dog's ears. If you detect the presence of earwax, try to remove this by using a soft cloth wrapped around a thin blunt stick, but be very careful not to go too deep as a dog's ear channel is quite different from yours. Dip the soft cloth in warm water first, but see that the cloth is wrung out thoroughly before you insert it in the dog's ear. One of the most frequent afflictions among dogs is ear canker, particularly dogs that have long, drooping ears. If your dog continually shakes its head, and paws its ear, you may look for canker—and I may add that there is nothing that will turn an amiable dog more quickly into a dangerous canine cross-patch than will ear canker. It is a good idea occasionally to wash your dog's ears with lukewarm olive oil, using a syringe with an end of soft rubber. A canker remedy for home treatment which has proved very successful is a one-half teaspoonful of four per cent Mercurochrome poured, lukewarm, into the ear. This should be done once daily for three consecutive days. The next morning one-half teaspoonful of warm glycerine should be poured into the infected ear. Be sure that these treatments are not administered hot—merely warm. The bottles in which these medicaments come can be put in a container of warm water, which will warm the contents sufficiently. There are also several effective dog-canker remedies sold by most well-stocked drug stores, but when using any of these be sure to follow the directions precisely as given by the manufacturer. If you don't want to be your dog's ear doctor, then of course the thing to do is to take the dog to your vet. Oddly enough, though a dog's hearing is so important to him, even a totally deaf one, under ordinary circumstances, can be a good watch dog. The reason for this is that dogs are sensitive to vibration and anyone walking within vibration limits can be detected by the dog.

Watch your dog's eyes carefully as they are pretty good indications of his health. With the exception of the very old dog, the eyes should be clear and sparkling. Of course, if your dog has a cold, his eyes may be clouded, but in the healthy dog the whites of the eyes should be a clean, bright white. If your dog suffers from running eyes, you can bathe them with a thoroughly cooled solution that has been made of one pint of boiled water to which four drops of spirits of camphor and two teaspoons of boric acid have been added.

(Continued on page 29)

Gadget and Gimmick

DEPARTMENT



FROM the old gun-toting West comes a holster of a different kind. Instead of returning your smoking forty-four to its well-worn, low-slung leather holster you now can do the same thing with your pipe. The holster itself is made of cowhide, comes in three shades—brown, black and natural—and slips on your belt to hang casually under sport, hunting or golf jacket. There are several odd advantages to this accessory. For one thing, you are less likely to go up in flames caused by dropping an ember-filled pipe into your coat pocket. Then, too, you will never fumble at crucial moments for the trusty incinerator. It will always be there in its holster ready for a quick draw.



IT IS time somebody did something about keys and keychains. Keys themselves, apparently, are a necessary part of our civilization. What with important documents, secret agents and the like all about us, one must insure the safety of one's home and office. But until lately the keys that had to be carried on an antique keychain made most people look ridiculous as they approached a locked door. Take a typical instance: You approach the locked office door, yank out your keychain and look over the four keys you have. The question is, which one? Invariably it is the last possible one that works. You feel silly whether or not anyone is there watching you. And, besides, what if there was a fire or something? You might easily go under from suffocation still vainly trying keys in the lock. If you had this plastic automatic key-holder you would still be alive. It is a compact

little case with buttons. You approach the locked door, press the button for the desired key and it automatically snaps out at you. When you've opened the door, press the button again and the key snaps back in the case. What could be more automatic?



WHEN you are out fishing do you have a tendency to hook your friends? Does your casting cause bloodshed among your fishing companions? If it does, you need a new rod and here it is: This casting rod has the action of a five-footer yet measures only 21 inches in length. Among other things, this new rod will permit cramped casting from the stream bank without becoming entangled in the bordering greenery and when there are several piscatorial artists in the same small boat casting will not endanger any gullets save that of the nearest trout. When that nearest trout is hooked you can get it in close to the boat for netting and so cut down on the one-that-got-away stories you had to tell in the past. For storing, this small rod becomes even tinier, reducing to a length of 14 inches to fit into your tackle box.



THERE was a time when a pencil was a pencil and nothing more. It was sufficient that the pencil wrote clearly and conformed to accepted dimensions. That time, however, was in the dear dead days beyond recall. Today pencils must be more than pencils. (Likewise, pens must have other uses.) Herewith are a

few of the novel writing instruments available to us all in this enlightened age. First in line is a mechanical pencil with a non-writing or surprise-package end that is a magnifying glass. This magnifying glass presumes to assist you in reading the fine print in contracts, agreements and financing arrangements so often overlooked to your later sorrow. It will also assist you in looking up telephone numbers if that is your particular weakness. The next pencil is more elaborate. The surprise end of this one contains a spring postal scale. Hang a letter or parcel weighing not more than nine



ounces on the spring scale and it will tell you the first-class, air-mail or parcel-post rates for the missive. For articles weighing more than nine ounces, see your local postmaster. A third miraculous pencil is for the pipe smoker. Instead of carrying all the essential pipe cleaning and reconditioning tools around with you, you can whip out this pencil and tamp, ream or scrape your pipe with the air of a man who knows what he



is about. All of these startling features are hidden cleverly in the end of this more-than-meets-the-eye pencil. And so it goes. After seeing all these wondrous things in pencil form it leaves you with the gnawing suspicion that the manufacturers were only using the pencil as a device to spring these clever developments on an unsuspecting citizenry.



ALWAYS on the alert for safety devices, we find ourselves confronted by an ingenious cigarette dispenser for automobiles. This unique device undoubtedly will make travel on our perilous highways less dangerous, if not actually safer. Many a motorist has swerved into trouble while fumbling for a package of
(Continued on page 30)

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 17)

dren will feel safe from the long, vengeful reach of the N.K.V.D. That is why there is no picture of the author on the jacket of the book; no details of his present life or whereabouts. Even the name he now goes under is undisclosed. If it is as serious as that, I submit the story should have been treated a little more circumspectly by its commercial exploiters. (*Dutton*, \$3.00)

I'LL NEVER GO BACK by Mikhail Koriakov

A little before *The Iron Curtain* appeared, a book by another Russian who made the great decision to break with his homeland was published under the uncompromising title *I'll Never Go Back*. This is by one Mikhail Koriakov, an ex-Red Army captain whose reasons for quitting the U.S.S.R. were somewhat different from Gouzenko's. Koriakov was a combat correspondent with the Red Air Force during the first part of the war and later was disgraced and sent to a penal battalion because he took the Soviets' official reversal of opinion on the religious question seriously. Young Koriakov fought with the penal battalion until captured by the Germans; when he was liberated by his own troops in Germany, although he had secretly made up his mind to escape, he accepted a position with the Russian Embassy in Paris. His chapters on the skulduggery and spying that went on among the Reds in France right after the war confirm and corroborate Gouzenko's revelations about Soviet "diplomacy", although his book is less dramatic. (*Dutton*, \$3.00)

THE PRESIDENT IS MANY MEN by Merriman Smith

Merriman Smith, White House correspondent and author of *Thank You, Mr. President*, has written another light and entertainingly instructive book about Washington called *The President Is Many Men*. In it he tells why the Presidency is considered the most gruelling, and even killing, job in the world—or, as Thomas Jefferson once called it, a "life in splendid misery" (he doesn't explain, however, why so many apparently sane men hanker after that job). The book is also chock-full of facts on such things as how the White House is run; how protocol is worked out when royalty and foreign big-wigs come to call; how Presidents travel and such like trivia. He tells about the people around the Chief Executive—aides who are more powerful than the public guesses, the Secret Service men who are never more than a minute away from the President, day or night (and who sometimes get on his nerves), and the "laughing boys" around the White House who are always on the alert for a good, new funny story to tell the big boss. Mr. Smith doesn't limit his book to

recollections of the two Presidents—Roosevelt and Truman—he has observed in the line of duty, but gives historical background in his discussion of customs and White House tradition. He has written a highly amusing little book. (*Harper*, \$2.75)

OF GOOD FAMILY by Hans Otton Storm

In the death of Hans Otton Storm in 1942, American fiction suffered a major loss. Mr. Storm, who was a successful electrical engineer as well as a writer, had the unhappy distinction of being the first person in this country to lose his life in World War II (he was electrocuted while installing a transmitter for the Army). But he left a body of work which assures him a secure place in our literature, even though it cannot be as eminent a place as he would have carved out for himself had he lived.

A new book called *Of Good Family* gives the reader a chance to evaluate this unusual man. He was, in the first place, outside the swim of the writing of his day; he evolved a style of his own which expressed himself rather than a literary credo and there is about his novels and short stories—finely drawn and sensitive as they are—no suggestion of the fashionable. *Of Good Family* is a collection of writings about South America, and mostly about Peru, a country Storm knew from first-hand experience. The book includes the novel, *Pity the Tyrant*, two longish short stories, some essays and extracts from diaries and notebooks. *Pity the Tyrant*, which I imagine has been long out of print, since it was first published in the early thirties, is the most important piece, however, and I recommend it highly.

This short novel is concerned with an American engineer who goes to Lima, Peru, to set up a radio station, has a brief love affair there, gets into some trouble with the government, which is in an almost chronic state of revolutionary jitters, and then leaves for home, more or less by request. That is all there is to it; but it is with such economy of means that Storm showed himself best as an artist. The central character of the book is a man of a reflective and humorous turn of mind, a man of good will and conscience who is totally without the bravado and the reckless desire to play the bullfighter with death that marks similar characters of, say, Hemingway and the more conventional fictional Americans abroad. Through this man's eyes, the whole wretched and pathetic panorama of a dictator-ridden and impoverished Latin-American country is perceived, not on a grand scale but, much more tellingly, on a small, select one. The novel comes as close to giving a real understanding of some of the sadder aspects of the South American way of life as

any I've read (which is probably why the Peruvian government of the time asked the author please not to return, ever). The rest of the collection is equally interesting, although the stories and essays naturally lack the broadness and artistic wholeness of the novel. (*Morrow*, \$3.00)

FROM THE ASHES OF DISGRACE by Franco Maugeri

Of all the books so far published by soldiers and politicians who were on the Axis side during the war, only one I have seen is by a man I would care to know. That book is *From the Ashes of Disgrace*, by the Italian admiral, Franco Maugeri, who is now Chief of the General Staff of the Italian Navy. Admiral Maugeri is a career officer, a pioneer in aviation and a civilized man. Like most Italian navy men, he was a bitter, though perforce discreet, opponent of Fascism, although it is true that his hatred of the Black Shirts came largely from their stupid ignorance of naval affairs and their failure to realize that Italy's strength rested on sea power rather than on the showy, and less expensive, land-power. But the admiral, after all, was an honest patriot; that he did not base his dislike of the regime on broader ideological grounds should not wholly condemn him.

His book, written over the past two years, is an inside account of Italy's sorry and inept conduct of the war. The author tells of the widespread defeatism in the country from the very beginning—"to end the war, let's even win it" was a popular crack among the people—and records his and his fellow officers' helpless rage at having to knuckle under to the ever-present Nazis. He gives some intimate glimpses of high government personages, from the king to Count Ciano (for whom his contempt was bottomless) and gives a very interesting account of his part in an officers' conspiracy to unseat Mussolini. Admiral Maugeri, after the fall of Fascism, was put in charge of transporting the Duce to an island exile, and the two chapters of his book which record his conversations with the whimpering, buck-passing Mussolini aboard the Admiral's corvette are highly illuminating.

As he reveals himself in these pages, the admiral would seem to be a man of modesty, intelligence and ability. One might take issue with some of his judgments on Allied strategy in the Mediterranean, but many of his points are well taken and his last chapters, in which he outlines the ways in which Italy can solve its difficult post-war problems and take her rightful place among the great nations of the world, show that the Allied military governments knew what they were doing when they put him in his present responsible post. (*Reynal & Hitchcock*, \$4.00)



Stilwell said

of his policy in China: "When I started in over here, I said to myself that the only safe policy for a deck-hand of my caliber was to go straight down the middle of the road. . . . I never had to worry what to tell the G-Mo [Generalissimo]. All I had for him was the truth, pleasant or unpleasant. . . . I could say anything I pleased and go away secure in my own mind that the crowd of Yes-Men, parasites, idolaters, and sycophants around him could not break it down. How could they, if it was true?"

of the Chinese people: "There must be tremendous cohesion in the Chinese people for them to survive the terrible neglect and maladministration of their so-called 'leaders'."

of the end of his mission: "If a man can say he did not let his country down, and if he can live with himself, there is nothing more he can reasonably ask for."

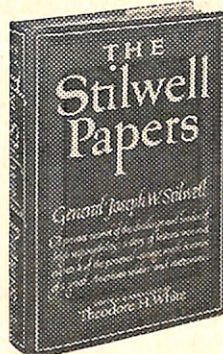
The silence is broken!

"What will the American people say when they finally learn the truth?" wrote General Joseph W. Stilwell in a letter to his wife. The truth, that is, about Chiang Kai-shek and the government in China, where, as Commanding General of the China-Burma-India theatre, Stilwell had been fighting to win a political, as well as a polemic war. But the American people never heard the truth from General Stilwell's lips. Until his death, he kept silent. Now, through his *personal* letters and diaries, "Vinegar Joe" speaks out to the American people.

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*Gordon S. Seagrave, author of "Burma Surgeon"

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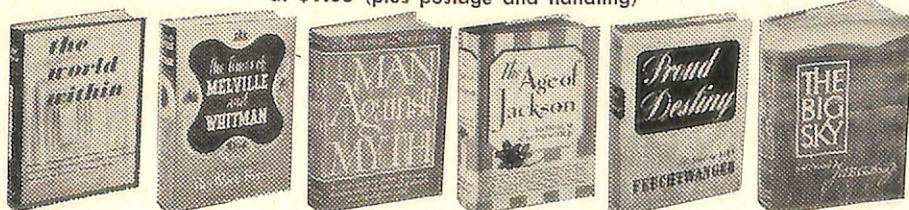
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Labor Wants Free Enterprise

(Continued from page 9)

their rightful freedom. It took many years but in the end the British Labor Party took over the government and decided on a plan of socialization of English industry.

It is inconceivable to me that American business men and industrialists would wish to follow that road. But the pattern is all too evident. A big start has been made in present-day legislation. Labor has been forced directly into the political field. Each new pressure upon labor will only cause it through constitutional political methods to aspire to a spot where such pressure could be relieved.

I would not like to see this happen. I regard it as tragic that labor is forced into politics for its very existence. And any move to sovietize utilities, or any other separate field of independent endeavor, can only tell against the entire field of private enterprise as a whole.

It is not humanly possible for labor and capital always to agree, or for the public always to accept the decisions of either. There will be mistakes in the future. I hope they will be the mistakes of men striving to find better solutions for their problems, rather than the errors of desperate men or selfish individuals who have forgotten reason.

Free enterprise is democracy in action. Labor always has been well to the front whenever a democratic or patriotic principle has been involved. During the war labor not only made the highest record of production achievement under the pressure of emergency, but the no-strike pledge was observed to the letter of the law with infinitesimal exceptions.

Was it a scrap drive? Labor willingly worked its Sundays and evenings to gather, store, collect and deliver the metal so vitally needed. Was it a Blood Bank donation? Few people know that aside from all of the plasma donations by unions in methodical regularity, it was a union that established the highest amount of single donations in one day in the nation.

A paper drive? A Seabee drive? A rubber conservation program? A cigarette drive? A request for money to make records of voices loved ones at home knew so well? A call to equip battalions of Marines and Seabees with complete orchestral instruments? With complete baseball, football and athletic gear? Did a camp need a new gymnasium? A little theatre? Gold Star Mothers a home? Sudden widows a lift temporarily? Were there committees of evacuation, disaster or emergency? Draft Boards and OPA Boards and War Chest Boards and Red Cross Boards?

You know there were. And you know labor played its part in all of them and many more to make democracy live, to preserve the right of free enterprise and the American way of living as one wants.

Certainly, labor had more brothers and sons and fathers in the war than anyone else. After all it is from the working classes that the machine gun bearers, the ship sailors, the cloud fighters and the sea plungers come. Labor deserves no pat on the back for this. Labor actually had more to lose in the losing of the war than anyone else: the dignity of the individual worker; the trammelling of

human rights; the misery, the poverty, the fear and insecurity; the ban of bargaining and uniting; the degradation of slavery and the scattering of the family.

Certainly we fought for everything for which free enterprise stands. And it stands in the minds of laboring men in this nation for all of the things we now have and would have lost.

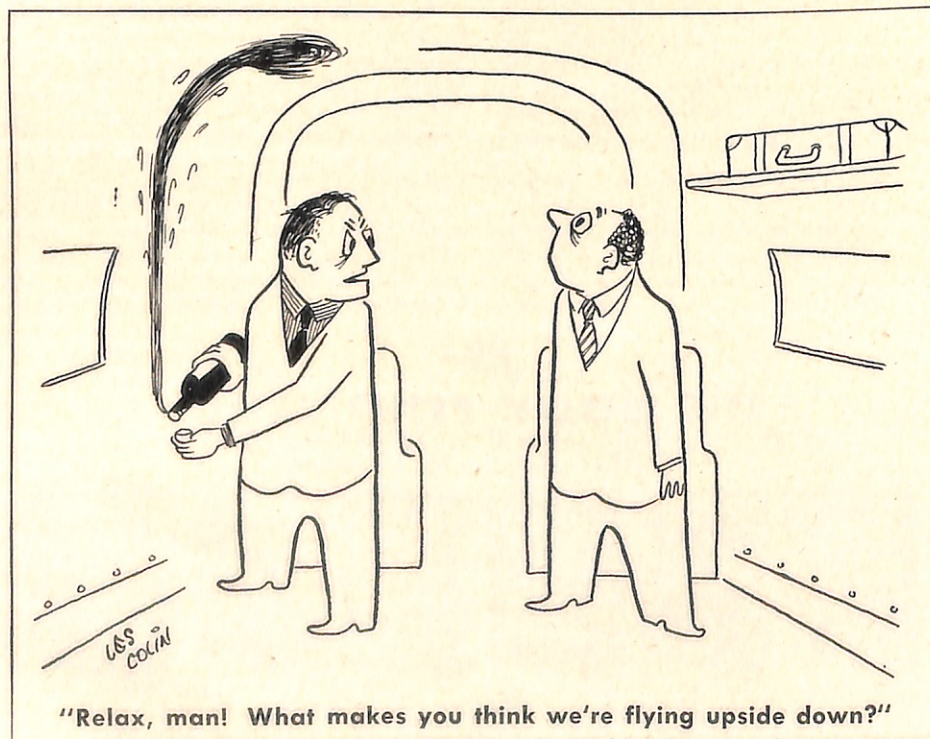
American labor has a tremendous stake in the preservation of our free institutions and our way of life—free enterprise. And labor is prepared to make its contributions to the future welfare of our society. It must be led by men of character, courage and determination, men who are intelligent enough to cooperate to keep all our rights and benefits.

SUCH a contribution was made by the Teamster Unions last year in Oakland, California, where a three-day general strike had brought the city to a virtual standstill. Acting under our firm conviction that a general strike is synonymous with revolution, the Teamster Unions refused to cooperate in the dispute. Within a few days the strike was terminated.

Another instance of the clearer heads of labor making a concrete contribution to the welfare of free enterprise occurred several months ago in Los Angeles. This action concerned a food store strike and Teamster Unions again refused to participate because the union primarily involved had not exhausted all of the available processes provided for by the American Federation of Labor for the protection of both the International Unions involved and the interested employers.

Again, in Seattle, Washington, a situation arose where labor seemed more concerned with free enterprise than did management. A certain gas company had been carrying on negotiations with the union for an extended period of time, running into nine or ten months. The question was a wage increase. During the long drawn-out period of negotiations, the company had steadfastly maintained that it could not meet the wage request. Negotiations continued, however, on the basis of friendliness and consideration for factors involved. The matter finally was arbitrated. Meanwhile, the union backed the company's request to raise its rates. The petition was granted by the state authorities.

Overnight, however, a major oil corporation, doing business with the company, notified the company abruptly and curtly that within twenty-four hours oil costs would increase. The gas company, its new increase wiped out, faced the prospect of closing its doors. The oil corporation would not debate or negotiate the issue. The union thereupon



threw its statistical department behind the gas company to increase rates in keeping with the new demands made upon it, suddenly and without warning. As a result of this assistance the gas company today is prospering.

This is the manner in which intelligent and wise union organizations are helping to strengthen the free enterprise system in the nation.

But labor is not blind! It would be idiotic for labor to say, "We need the capitalistic system for survival, and nothing is wrong with the system." There are a lot of things wrong with the system. Most of the wrongs correct themselves over a period of time, sometimes painfully. But where the discrepancies infringe on the vulnerability of human rights, management and labor had better get that cleared up—and quickly.

One of the greatest dangers to free enterprise is the growth of monopoly, for monopoly strangles freedom and ambition. Too much wealth concentrated in the hands of too few people; too much power over the economic destinies of the nation inevitably will breed discontent and destroy public confidence. In the end monopoly will destroy free enterprise just as surely as communism or socialism. Monopoly, communism, unreasoning selfishness and governmental bureaucracy are our worst dangers. We must carefully guard against all of them.

A Barbecue for Taffy

(Continued from page 5)

that made the man's speech sound odd.

"I wonder, Mr. Smith," Ellen said, "did you see a small girl on horseback—she had on a shirt like mine—down anywhere near the highway?"

Mr. Smith jerked his smile toward her and looked her over deliberately. "A small girl on a horse. No. No small girls." He turned back to Riley. "Sir, I must talk to you again about that package."

"Maybe it's the altitude," Riley said, "but I'm very tired of that package."

"So? But my friend has been thinking and he still thinks he left it in your car." Mr. Smith spread his thick hands apologetically and shrugged. "It is easy to forget. Maybe you took it out of your car without noticing? Mrs. Farrell, perhaps?"

Riley frowned. "That's ridiculous. We don't do things like that without noticing it." He pointed at the station wagon standing under the car port. "Help yourself to another look."

Mr. Smith waved away the suggestion. "No. I have looked. There is one other thing—possibly your servants—"

"No, they weren't here," Ellen said. "They won't be back until after dark."

Mr. Smith looked around at the

Labor knows now that it must turn out to fight the fire down the street in its neighbor's house for fear the flames will spread. Management should know this, too.

After all, the main idea of any system of economics is to establish, in the highest degree possible, a protective blanket of manifest good for all of its people. We insist that the human equation is a constantly shifting force. Our economics must keep pace with the shift. There should be no cast which would freeze forever the human element.

So we must guard against our free enterprise system's developing into a too concrete form. It must remain flexible and elastic, capable of expansion and contraction as circumstances may arise.

Much of the expansion and contraction will be taken up in disagreements between management and labor. This despite the fact that there is much common cause between the two. The more that the disagreements can be mollified or eliminated, the less danger to both management and labor of the loss of free enterprise.

Everyone who lays claim to true Americanism must know that the terms democracy, free unions, free management and free enterprise are synonymous. They stand for one and the same thing: the full and ultimate preservation and fruition of our American way of life.

desert, then faced back and stood with his hands thrust stiffly down into his coat pockets.

"Once more you do me a favor and then I go," he said. "You will tell me with detail again just how you picked up my friend this morning. Yes?"

Riley noticed that the man's accent was stronger. Definitely an accent. He took a slow breath and was about to refuse when Ellen laid a hand on his arm. He grinned faintly and said, "All right. Once more."

He leaned back on the hitch rack and spoke carefully. "We drove Rosa and Miguel over to their church at Soledad. Coming back, north, we saw your little pal airing his thumb by his car, and picked him up. He said his car was busted down and he'd send back a tow car from Benson. We let him out at our turn-off here and that's the last we saw of him—until he came in with you at noon."

"Furthermore," Ellen said, "I'm as good as positive he didn't have any luggage with him."

Mr. Smith pressed his lips together and studied their faces, then said softly, "But he definitely had it when he left Tombstone. He swears he had it when you picked him up."

Riley grinned again. "It's definitely lovely I don't have to give a hoot what your friend says."

"Ah." Little knots of muscle
(Continued on page 24)

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popped out of the fat on Mr. Smith's jaws. "It was very valuable. I would pay a good price for you to return it."

Ellen glanced at Riley and said hastily, "Mr. Smith, please understand we do not have your package—we never had it! If we did, you could have it back free."

Riley took his elbows off the hitch rack and stood up.

"Mister," he said, "the open road calls to you. Beat it."

Mr. Smith took his left hand out of his coat pocket and pointed a small automatic pistol at Riley's belt buckle.

"I am not through talking, Mr. Farrell."

Riley quit moving and said, "No. I guess not. Ellen, you'd better step inside and see how the dinner's coming."

"No," Mr. Smith said flatly. "Stay. I take the package now or you will not like it."

Riley folded his arms. "You're running this persistence thing into the ground, Smitty," he said irritably. "What was in it, anyway? Little batch of morphine or marijuana floating up from the border, maybe?"

Mr. Smith narrowed his very blue eyes. "I wonder why you would guess such things?"

Riley shrugged. "What else could I guess, chump?"

Ellen swallowed hard and said, "Your greasy little friend! I'll bet he swiped it from you."

"Sure," Riley said. "You're dumber than you look if you'd trust him with a wooden phone slug."

The first installment of evening breeze whisked through the yard and fluttered Ellen's apron while Mr. Smith looked at them. One of the horses whinnied shrilly.

Mr. Smith chuckled without amusement. "I thought of that. Naturally. But my friend works with me in a great—purpose. Besides that, I had a very hard talk with my friend and he convinced me. He would not dare." Mr. Smith exhibited a set of discolored knuckles on his right hand and rubbed them against the side of his coat.

"You mean he wouldn't dare admit it now!" Riley said.

"Of course not!" Ellen agreed. "And why would you take the word of a plain crook against ours?"

"Against yours? Who are you?" Mr. Smith indicated the yard and buildings with a quick wave of the pistol muzzle. "All this—I see nothing to make me think you have too much money. Now, I have no more time—we talk turkey!"

"You and a psychiatrist could make great music," Riley said. "Go ahead and search. We'll stick around."

"No. You tell me. Now."

"I'll bet," Riley murmured, "if I yelled *Heil Hitler* all of a sudden, you'd forget the war was over and click your Aryan heels."

Mr. Smith's yellow eyebrows and his voice both lifted. "You, you do too much guessing for good health!" He reached inside his coat with his free

hand and said very rapidly, "I could make you talk. There are good ways I would like, but I have not time. This will make you talk! You recognize it?" With the last words he yanked a piece of cloth from his coat and tossed it at Ellen's feet.

Ellen picked up the piece of red-striped white silk and said in a tight voice, "Riley! It's Taffy's shirt."

Riley reached out and touched the cloth with a finger, then looked at Mr. Smith's reborn smile.

"All right, Gestapo-boy, where've you got her?"

"Now we talk business," Mr. Smith said. "Bring the package immediately. She is with my friend. We will release her a few hours after I leave here."

Riley said, "That's fine," and looked around as if trying to remember where he had left something. The sun was gone and the breeze was icy in the blue dusk. He leaned back against the hitch rack and turned to his wife.

"Ellen!" he said sharply. "It's cold! Roll down your sleeves!"

She stared at him blankly, Taffy's shirt clutched in both hands.

"Doggone it, do what I tell you!" he said, swinging toward her angrily. As his right arm came from behind his body, the old horseshoe that had dangled over the hitch rack snapped from his hand straight at the face of the unwary Mr. Smith.

Riley lunged forward and snatched at the pistol as the horseshoe caromed off the fat man's cheekbone. The gun blasted into the air and Riley brought up his knee hard. Then on general principles he hooked an uppercut into the pained face Mr. Smith was bending forward. The face slid on toward the ground and Riley pried the gun loose.

At that point, he identified the echo that was bouncing around in his inner ear and turned to his wife wonderingly.

"Did that squawk come out of you?" he asked.

Ellen took her hands away from her mouth and smiled feebly. "Sure," she said in a small voice. "I—I didn't want you to kill him before he tells us where Taffy is. You were wonderful, boy."



Riley squeezed her shoulder gently. "I amaze myself at times," he admitted. He looked with surprise at the hand he took from her shoulder. "Well! I got a war-wound. That shot took a hunk of skin off. Or else he bit me." He looked down at the doubled up and gasping Mr. Smith and gestured at the open door of the tack room.

"Honey, get me that coil of thin rope, will you?"

Ellen hung back, staring at his hand. "It's bleeding quite a lot," she said doubtfully.

"Oh . . . grab the iodine too, then. There's some in the vet cabinet, right next to the ether can, I think. Bottom shelf."

Ellen snapped the switch inside the door and a pale oblong of light jumped into the yard. When she came back, Riley handed her the pistol, sloshed iodine over the side of his hand, and shook off the surplus on the ground. Then he went to work with the rope.

BY THE time Mr. Smith uncurled and became vocal his ankles were hobbled and his wrists and elbows snugged together behind his back. His cheek was as swollen and angry as his eyes.

"This gets you nothing," he said in a hard voice. "If I am not back with my friend in one hour, he will go away. It is arranged."

Without answering, Riley slid his hands under the bound man's arms and dragged him inside the lighted tack room. He dropped him ungentle on the concrete floor between the saddle racks, then said, "I got news for you. You're in a bind, cutie, not in the driver's seat. Spring a leak before I work on you."

"And spring it loud," Ellen said. She waved the pistol threateningly.

"Many nuts to you both," Mr. Smith said, lifting his head from the floor. "I can stand much. What else made my nose so flat?" He lowered his head to the floor, then raised it again. "I make a deal. Untie me and I send the girl home and forget the package. That is my penalty for letting this stupidity happen to me."

Riley looked at Ellen. "That make sense to you?"

"No." She shook her head positively. "Let him go and he's boss again and he'll yell for that ratty package, and we can't deliver. He's got to tell us—"

"I tell you nothing!" Mr. Smith said angrily. He wriggled around, breathing hard, and rested the back of his head against a saddle rack upright. "No, I am wrong!" he added harshly. "I must with patience explain to save myself from your idiocy. It is this: mere beating means nothing to me, and you do not have inside your psychology the European attitude for torture. You do not even know what real torture can be, and you could not do such things anyway—you see that?"

Riley said, "You haven't sold anything yet. Hurry it up."

"But think, think!" Mr. Smith

said hoarsely. He wagged his head with exasperation. "You must see that I do not argue for delay—it is that you cannot possibly finish a real cruelty, so it is senseless to start. It is so—so senseless for me to be damaged when you can gain nothing—when you must finally let me go! I do not weaken at all, because I know positively I need only to wait!"

Riley moved closer, and Mr. Smith added hastily, "Another thing—consider that maybe I make the little girl pay for how you treat me!"

"You're just the nicest little slob," Riley said. "I know your gang are pros, but I have good ideas for an amateur." He stepped to the workbench and came back with a large pair of pliers.

"What . . . ?" asked Ellen.

"Maybe you better go in the house, honey."

"No. Taffy's my baby, too," she said doggedly.

Riley knelt down and took off Mr. Smith's right shoe and sat on his legs when that gentleman tried to kick. He selected a toe for a tentative squeeze with the pliers and Mr. Smith began to sweat and yell. "Stop! This is insane—you cannot do it!"

Ellen said "Uh!" and looked in another direction.

A second later, Riley shot to his feet, very pale and swallowing hard. "I—I can't seem to get going," he said apologetically.

"Of course, you cannot!" Mr. Smith said in a loud and slightly fluttering voice. "From childhood you are conditioned. Psychologically impossible!"

Riley walked to the door and stuck his head out into the cool darkness for a moment. The color had returned to his face by the time he turned back.

"I never would have believed it," he mumbled unhappily.

Ellen gritted her teeth. "That blowtorch," she speculated. "Aim it at him . . . go for a walk for a while . . . ?"

"Gag him first," Riley suggested.

"Impossible!" Mr. Smith said quickly. "You would know about it—you could not forget that. Believe me, you could not do it." He craned his neck to see Ellen's face. "Mrs. Farrell, it would be terrible—picture the flame on my skin—"

"Shut up," Riley said. "I'm going to have to gag you yet. Before you gag me."

There was a pause. Riley looked at his wife and she looked at him. They both looked at Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith decided it was time to pile on the pressure.

"Untie me!" he demanded loudly. "You can do nothing and you know it. I am getting very angry, so I give you one minute, and then your little girl starts suffering greatly before I let her go. First, I will do—"

Riley bit his lip and kicked accurately at the point of Mr. Smith's jaw. Mr. Smith shut his eyes and lay still.

Ellen blinked at her husband and said gratefully, "Thank you."

"A real pleasure, Madame," Riley said. He tossed the pliers in the direction of the workbench and thought for a moment, then looked at Ellen soberly.

"Tell your milksop husband what to do, right quick," he said. "I can knock him around but that isn't enough for his type. I can think of a hundred awful things to do to him, and maybe I could start them . . . just maybe! But I know I can't finish them. He knows it, too. We just aren't built for his games."

"We can't let him go!"

Riley shook his head. "No. But the hell of it is, Mr. Garbage is awful near right that we can't keep him here and stall, either. We're—we're running out of that hour he mentioned, but fast. That ugly friend of his—"

"If we let him go," Ellen said in a faint voice, "we'll never see Taffy again. Alive, I mean. I know it."

"No contest on that," Riley said. He leaned against the wall and gnawed at his thumb. "I'm ready to cut my throat, but I don't know what to do."

Mr. Smith's eyes flickered open. He lifted his head and shook it.

"There is nothing you can do," he said thickly. "Kick me again. Nothing bothers me when I sleep. Kick again and think of my friend. He is very, very unpleasant when he gets worried!"

"Tallyho!" Ellen said suddenly, her eyes bright. "That does it."

Riley looked at his wife critically. "Are you cracking under the strain, pet?"

"No, but Smitty's going to," she said. "I've got one Nero would have loved. Can you do a re-tie job on him?"

"Like how?"

"Flat on his back. Stretch his arms out to those posts so he can't turn over."

Riley started to say something, then shrugged and set to work with the ropes. "One wiggle out of you, Bund-boy," he advised the prisoner, "and you'll get the deluxe facial." He untied and retied rapidly.

Mr. Smith looked at the gun in Ellen's hand and refrained from wiggling. "What nonsense is this now?" he asked harshly.

"Hot stuff," she told him. "Riley, I'll be right back."

She bolted out of the door and was back almost instantly with an electric iron and its cord and a large roll of adhesive tape. Riley and Mr. Smith looked at this equipment with bulging eyes.

"Glory be," Riley said. "What have I married?"

Ellen handed him the stuff. "Here," she said. "Rip his shirt open and tape the iron down flat on his tummy."

RILEY considered his wife with a baffled expression and did as she directed, ignoring the protests of Mr. Smith. He anchored the iron firmly upon Mr. Smith's middle with wide straps of tape running through the

(Continued on page 26)



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handle opening, then stood up and said fretfully, "Now what do I do—plug it in and then shoot myself?"

"Start traveling, dear," she said briskly. "Clear over to the ridge where you can't hear a sound, no matter how much yelling or singing comes out of this fat thing."

Riley gulped. "I'll—I'll gag him for you."

"Oh, indeed no! He's going to talk a blue streak."

Mr. Smith laughed unpleasantly. "You think you connect the current then go away while it gets hot? Ridiculous! Your psychology does not permit. Hah! I can stand it until you are forced to come back. Then I have suffered, and then your child is really—"

"Scram, Riley dear!" Ellen said quickly. "And don't come back till I blink the lights off and on. I've got cooking to do!" She leered at Mr. Smith with all the careful fiendishness her small face could exhibit, then turned and winked at her husband. "But you won't know for dead sure that anything's happening," she said, "so you won't feel forced to come back, will you, dear?"

Riley said, "Oh, yes . . . I mean, no!" in a dazed tone and walked out into the darkness.

After a few yards he decided he'd better stick around. He'd have to be there to turn off the iron and pick Ellen up after she fainted. Of course, she could no more go through with this barbecue than he could. Or could she? It astounded him to realize that he wasn't sure. Vague thoughts about she-bears with cubs

joggled around in the back of his mind.

Walking silently, he made a circle that brought him to the window at the rear end of the tack room. He decided morosely against brushing away the cobwebs on the pane; they gave the scene an appropriate Medieval flavor. And the less he had to see, the better, anyway.

Inside the room, Ellen was doing something at the opened medicine cabinet, standing with her back to the window. When she turned around, she had Taffy's shirt still wadded in her hands. She walked over and plugged the iron cord into the wall outlet, tossed a saddle blanket on the floor and sat down on it crosslegged, leaning back against the wall. Her voice came distinctly to her husband's ears outside the window.

"Mr. Smith, you louse," she said, "I'd guess you have about three or four minutes before that thing really gets hot. Any last words?"

Mr. Smith swore nastily and said, "I stand it longer than you can! Then, hah!—how sorry you will be when you finally must let me go to your brat! Your skinny fool of a husband saw that you were helpless!"

The skinny fool outside watched Ellen sniff at Taffy's shirt. Smelling salts? They didn't have any. Ah, ammonia to keep her from fainting, that was her idea. He wished he had some. Maybe he should have gone over to the ridge, after all. . . .

Ellen was speaking again. "You're all wrong, because I won't be bothered a bit. Can't you smell this stuff

yet? It's ether. I'm going to take a few deep whiffs, then my hand will drop away from my face and I'll be out for twenty minutes or a half hour—I don't really know just how long—"

"But—but you cannot do it!" Mr. Smith yelled. "Think how I will be when you wake up—you cannot forget that!"

"Oh, I'm not forgetting that!" Ellen said in a very sorrowful voice. "It'll be awful. When I wake up, I won't be able to stand more than a quick look at you before I have to take some more ether—that is, unless you're ready to talk by then. You'll be in terrible shape, I'm afraid, and it simply horrifies me!"

Riley hugged himself and opened his mouth in a silent whoop. Mr. Smith was jerking at his ropes and tossing his body around. The iron didn't budge from its place.

"Is it getting hot?" Ellen asked anxiously. "I'll have to be leaving you then. Goodbye." She put the cloth to her face.

Mr. Smith tossed for another moment, cursing frenziedly, then began to yell with amazing volume until Ellen lowered the cloth a few inches and looked at him inquiringly. He began to talk, very fast and without reticence. Riley listened until he was sure the proper information was coming out, then started around the house.

As he came into the door of the tack room, Ellen hurled herself into his arms and wept with great intensity for a few seconds, then wiped her eyes with her apron.

"It's that saggy old abandoned line cabin, the other side of the wash," she said breathlessly. "We can walk it in ten minutes."

"You're a genius and it's a cinch," Riley told her. "What on earth gave you the idea?"

"Why, when he said nothing bothered him when he was asleep, I thought it would work both ways—"

"Too easy and obvious for me to see it," Riley said. "Get your shotgun and let's go. But take off that silly apron first!"

Neither of them paid any attention to the protesting howls that followed them out the door, and it wasn't until they were a quarter of a mile across the starlit desert that Riley remembered something.

"Good Lord! Honey, we forgot to unplug the iron on that jerk!"

"Oh, that's all right," Ellen said.

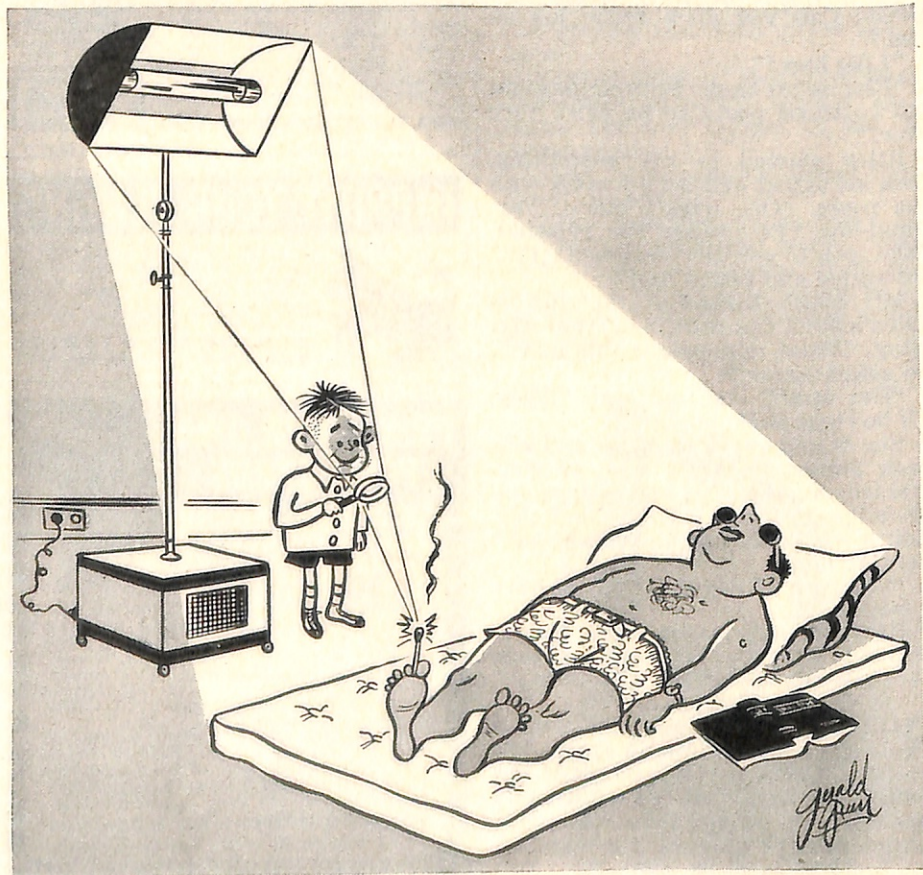
"All right!" he echoed in a shocked voice. "Why, you give me gooseflesh! I've got to go back!"

"But I didn't push the plug all the way in!"

Riley slowed and peered at her in the darkness. "You didn't? Would—would you have, if he hadn't sounded off?"

"Maybe not," she said briskly. "Let's say I wouldn't and let it go at that. Can't you go faster? I want to get this over with so I can cry some more. And Taffy'll be cold—"

Riley said, "My delicate little wife!" and went faster.



Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 13)

lot of weeds. They call it 'figure-of-eighting'. These fellows use a long cane pole with a short line and a combination spinner and feathered gang hook; then they pole around among the pads and sago weed and figure-of-eight this spinner fly in any clear hole in the weeds. They sure drag out the bass."

I tried to match him with a system I had heard about, used in Ontario during the heat of the summer when the smallmouths are deep. Smallmouths feed a lot on crawfish and hang around the rocky sections looking for them. The system was to tie a heavy sinker a couple of feet ahead of a floating plug. The sinker was heavy enough to drag the bottom, and the plug fought to rise to the top. When the cast was retrieved in short jerks, the plug swung down behind the sinker, then bobbed up again a foot or so. It mimicked the jerky swimming motion of the crawfish and brought the bass a-running. This sounded like a good idea to try in any smallmouth lake, but I never got around to it. It should work well anywhere in hot weather.

ASKED my fishing partner if he had ever fished the Ozark country for bass, that it had always sounded interesting to me, and he said he had.

"The favorite way of fishing in the Ozarks," he explained, "is by floating in a flat-bottomed boat or canoe on some of the larger rivers, like the White, Gasconade, Eleven Point, Spring, North Fork and Current Rivers. The float trip alone is fun without the bass. For the best fishing it's a good idea to go with someone who knows the water because those

river bass seem to prefer the same holes year after year. They fish with a wiggler lure on a casting rod or a spinner-fly on a fly rod, and they fish them deep. The best bass are at the bottom of the holes, and they're sure scrappers."

I asked him if they used any particular pattern of fly behind the spinner, and he said the most popular was a black-and-white bucktail, but that a red-and-black and a yellow-and-black also were popular. Sometimes, especially in cloudy water, they use a Red Ibis fly.

"Say," he asked, "what's all this noise about a bass being color-blind?"

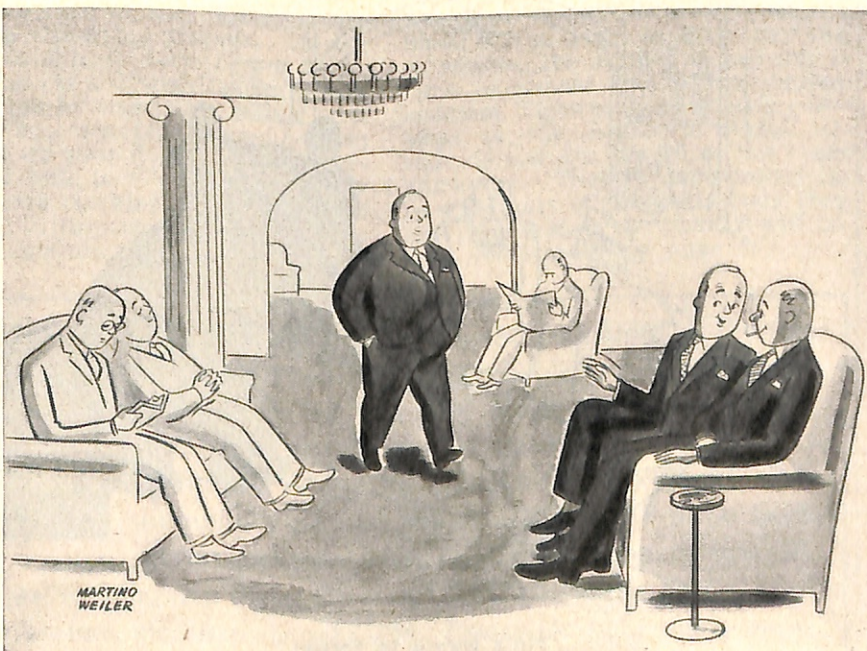
I knew the answer to that one. Some people seem to be born with the idea that fish can't distinguish colors, but there's not a word of truth in it. Bass have better color vision, if anything, than we do. About ten years ago the Illinois Natural History Survey put out a very interesting paper on the subject, called *Responses of Largemouth Black Bass to Colors*, which proved without question that they like things in technicolor. Bass fishermen haven't been using red on plugs and flies all these years for nothing.

"I've always figured a bass reacted to red like a bull," he agreed. "But one place they're not pugnacious is in the small creeks in the Ozarks. Those fish in the clear creeks act like your trout up north. You have to sneak up on them like an Indian. They're as skittish as that little setter I had last winter."

"What happened to that dog?" I asked.

"Remember my friend Wylie?"

(Continued on page 28)



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Well, he's not my friend any more. I traded her to him."

We got back to bass fishing, and I mentioned the fishing they have in the upper Mississippi, especially above Lake Pepin, since they've cleared up some of the pollution. The government spent millions on wing dams and rip-raps for flood control, and the bass come out of deep water in the evening to feed around these obstructions. They're bigmouths, and the strange thing is that they prefer the upstream side of the rip-

rap where the current is heaviest. The favorite fly there is yellow instead of red or black.

We agreed that nobody agreed on bass, except that they were fine game fish. My favorite lure in the East is a combination silver minnow and pork-chunk frog. I've taken bass on it all over much of the East and South, where it seemed much more effective than any other lure. Yet Ted Trueblood tells me it isn't too good in the Northwest. Their best casting-rod lure out there is a spin-

ner and large weighted bucktail—which rig doesn't seem to produce in the East.

Before the day was over we covered bass fishing from the mysterious bigmouths of Lake Mead in Arizona and the fabulous fishing in Don Martine in Mexico to the Matagami district of Ontario, and all the way from Florida to Oregon. It didn't seem that anyone knew much for sure about bass and bass fishing, especially us, because we didn't catch anything all day.

Fit to Be Tied

(Continued from page 15)

in use at the time, not to mention esoteric specialties used by gentlemen of originality. There were, in addition to such an array of knots, all kinds of ties. They were tight, loose, large or small. Variation in cravats existed in the type of knot or cravat used. Color variation was limited since the only colors available were black and white, with white far and away considered better and more fashionable. Even today a "white tie" affair is considered more formal than a "black tie" shindig. But although there were only a limited number of tie colors, the number of knots to tie was limitless. One of the most complicated knots had to be done correctly the first time else the creases resulting from the first attempt spoiled the effect. It was so complicated that some of the inept dandies couldn't untie the knot. They simply took a pair of shears and cut the whole mess away from their throats.

Not all types of knots were so complex. Lord Byron introduced a loose flowing cravat made of black silk which was remarkably like the kerchiefs sailors wear today. Although black was deemed inferior, Napoleon was fond of black cravats. However, he is said to have wandered into the battle of Waterloo wearing a white one. Ah well, *c'est la guerre*.

When one considers the styles and extravagances of cravats during that period, it is small wonder the necktie became a symbol of aristocracy. None but the idle rich could afford the cost, or the time to tie it.

Since this was true, the aristocracy took the matter seriously. Around 1827 a manual about cravats was written, presumably by Balzac writing under a *nom de plume*. The reason for bringing out this little gem on cravats is best given from the introductory paragraph, to wit and as follows:

"In an age like the present, when a man of quality is so closely imitated by the pretender—when the amalgamation of all ranks seems to be the inevitable consequence of the 'March of Intellect' now making such rapid strides amongst us, we think a more signal service cannot be rendered to the higher ranks of society than by production of such a work as this; and in the hope of being really useful, we offer to a discerning

public, 'The Art of Tying on the Cravat'."

At the end of the volume the author makes the following necessary observation to his 'discerning public'. "The greatest insult which can be offered to any man, is to seize him by the cravat; in this place blood alone can wash out the stain upon the honor of either party." Took things seriously, they did.

Throughout the history of neckwear one can see the ugly head of a social conscience about to break out at any moment. During the French Revolution, young men with royalist opinions paraded around wearing green cravats. This color and the cravat combined to make the tieless proletariat furious. The revolutionists had discarded the cravat since they had it firmly fixed in their minds that the cravat was a symbol of aristocracy.

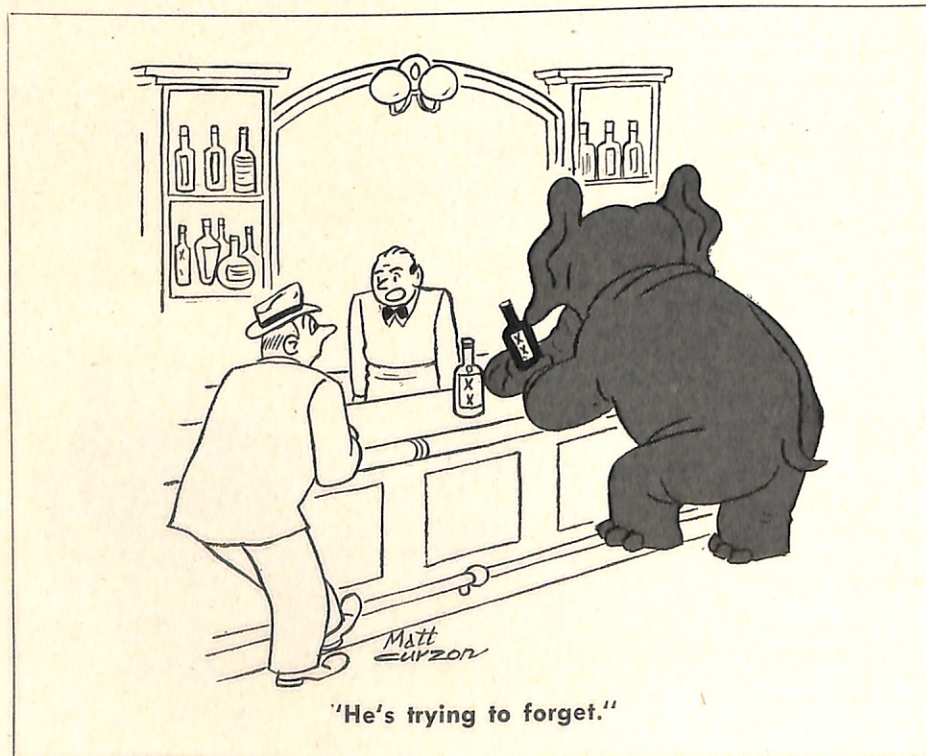
A hundred years ago in France and Germany the high starched collar and large tight cravat were symbols of conservative government, while more radical thinkers, the Greenwich

Village variety of that day, wore long loose flowing cravats or no tie at all—a sort of negative form of neckwear expression.

Even today the term 'Old School Tie' means aristocracy to the English Public. The public schools of England have their distinctively designed cravats. Eton has a light blue line on a black cravat. Harrow has a dark blue cravat with white bands. But instead of starting a revolution about the matter, the English people have contented themselves by making humorless jokes about the 'Old School Tie'.

As the 19th Century progressed, cravats became less elaborate, getting longer and narrower. The extreme of this trend was reached when the string tie was developed. It was so narrow it could easily have been replaced by a shoe lace. Later bow ties and ready-made ties made their appearance and they remain unchanged to the present day.

There was a mild boom in cravat fashion in the latter part of the 19th Century and the result of it was the



"He's trying to forget."

advent of the "ascot puff". It is seen today mostly at weddings of a formal nature.

But the familiar four-in-hand reached the dominant position before the end of the century and has not been passed, or tied, in popularity since then. The bow tie is seen a great deal, but its production is only a fraction of that of regular four-in-hands.

The method of getting variety in neckwear today is simple. Instead of learning to tie a hundred different knots, men just buy the same shape tie in different colors or designs. These designs run all the way from plain or a no-design, to lurid pictures of nude women. Tie manufacturers who have their fingers constantly on the pulse of the tie-buying public claim that during time of expansion, when business is good, the color of neckwear gets brighter. In periods of depression men buy ties of more sober hue. In today's world, the ex-serviceman is buying the brightest, most colorful tie he can get around his neck. This is an understandable reaction after several years of one-color costumes.

With all the surge of bright-tie-

seekers, the most consistent sellers are plain or striped ties. Ascot puffs and riding stocks have, as might be suspected, a limited sale. The most popular material for a tie today is silk. Others are made variously of rayon, wool, wool-rayon, nylon and linen.

Perhaps the two most famous ties of today's world are the bow tie worn by Sinatra, which is a dubious addition to his costume, and the tie that served as a springboard for one of the recent best sellers. It was the tie Vic Norman of "Huckster" fame bought with his last \$35. That hand-painted "sincere" creation got him the job he thought he wanted in an ad agency. At the end of the book he quit the same job but the tie evidently had nothing to do with that.

Each year in this country we have a day set aside called "Necktie Day". Perhaps you have been deceived by the more common name, "Father's Day". So next June when The Day comes and you open a long flat box to express great satisfaction over some ill-chosen cravat, bear this noble thought in mind: Oscar Wilde once said, "A well-tied tie is the first serious step in life."

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 18)

The eyes should be bathed with a soft cloth that has been dipped in this solution and then thoroughly wrung out. If the eyes become inflamed or remain in a running condition, then it's high time to signal your vet.

FIDO is an accommodating fellow when it comes to acting as a boarding house for undesirable parasites, both external and internal. The external kind are fleas and their cousins—plain, ordinary lice. The flea is an active fellow and while he can't fly, he is a marvelous jumper and thus moves around from dog to dog with the ease of the daring young man on the flying trapeze. He's a small, wingless, dark brown mite. His cousin is also wingless but starts out in life by wearing a yellow coat which becomes blue after he has feasted on your dog. Another version of him is a yellow mite that bears dark markings. It's not at all difficult to discourage these parasites from obtaining squatter's rights.

Any drug store carries a number of advertised, well-known brands of doggy insect powders which, if used exactly as directed, will get results. One thing many people overlook is that while they are diligent in powdering their purps, they disregard the dog's sleeping quarters and favorite lying-down places, which of course are sources of re-infection each time the dog occupies them.

Another unwelcome visitor is the tick. The most prevalent varieties are the brown dog-tick and the wood tick. Both of these burrow into the pooch's pelt and are actually insect vampires in that they live on the blood of the dog. In time they can so weaken the animal as to leave it open to almost any serious canine sickness. Ticks are particularly prevalent in the Southern States, although you are likely to find them anywhere. They're not choosy as to what part of the dog's body they occupy but more frequently will in-

(Continued on page 30)



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common ill-

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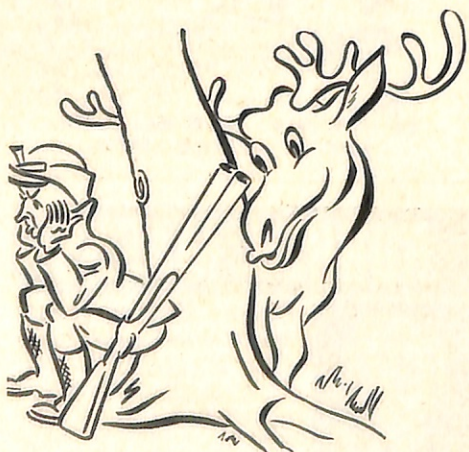
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vade the dog's ears and camp on its neck. The brown dog-tick is just what its name describes, while the wood tick is bluish in color. There are one or two preparations sold by drug stores, designed to remove the tick from the picture and they are said to be very effective. Of course, the one sure way to rid your dog of ticks is to do it by hand, using a small pair of pliers. A drop of turpentine or chloroform on the tick will make the removal much easier. It is important, when removing the parasite, to be sure that the head is removed at the same time because if it remains buried in the skin it can cause an unpleasant inflammation.

Throughout the year—but more during the summer months because most dogs have more freedom at that time—there frequently occurs foot trouble in the form of cysts between the dog's toes. These can be so painful as to cause lameness. If your

dog becomes so afflicted, do not try to doctor him yourself. It's strictly a job for the vet who will treat the dog surgically or give appropriate injections.

(This is the first half of an article devoted to the medical care of your dog. The second half will follow in our next issue.) Recommended: Edward Anthony's book *Every Dog Has His Say* (Watson-Guptill Publication, Inc., New York City) a gay lively volume of verses, each of which deals with one of the more interesting breed. Aside from being amusing, there is much meat in the verses, premised on sound facts about dogs. Accompanying each verse is a picture of the breed, done by one of America's top-flight dog illustrators, Morgan Dennis. Fifty-six reproductions are shown in the 64 pages. This book should find its way into the library of every dog lover.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 16)

one end by a fireplace big enough to accommodate the roasting carcass of a Texas longhorn steer.

In the end, the kids creep cautiously back down from the attic and Papa is driven out of the garage with a flame gun to see what Woman Hath Wrought. And then the trouble starts. Papa and the kids have to live in it. They've been suddenly plunged into a strange new world

and they don't know whether to yell Yippee or break out crying. It sets up a psychological unbalance. They get nervous and jittery and move a step nearer the booby hatch.

That's the danger Mr. Mason Rose so clearly sees and so courageously described at Beverly Hills. I wonder if anybody has thought of the possibility of nominating Mr. Rose as vice-president.

Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 19)

cigarettes and the cigarette lighter, and undertaking the business of actually lighting the coffin nail. A humiliating part of having such an accident often occurs after the event. Imagine standing shakily beside the rumpled car with cops, insurance men and swift, Johnny-on-the-spot lawyers all glaring and shouting at you. Then you are forced to admit that the cause of the accident was the mere lighting of a cigarette. This dispenser of pre-lighted cigarettes will save you from any such embarrassing occurrence. Attached to the steering post, the machine, at the press of a button, lets a cigarette drop into a handy trough where it contacts a lighter. After letting it sit there a moment, all you have to do is pick the cigarette from the trough and begin inhaling.

THERE are some people who enjoy fishing solely for the sake of the outing and line wetting that it entails. To these people I say, "So be it." But personally, I see no reason to go out early in the morning, tramp around a very wet stream or lake, get mosquito bitten, aggravate my rheumatism, and come home without a



fish but still shouting the hosannas of the piscatorial art to the disbelieving little woman. If I should go fishing I would want desperately to bring home some fish. Indeed, I would consider the day wasted unless I did manage to bring home a fish or two. But better than that would be a day I could get hold of ten rainbow trout without moving a foot from my lawn chair. And such a day has come. You can order your fish by mail now and have them shipped to you fresh from the clear waters of some stream or other. That's what I call service. Then the thing to do is have the wife clean them and, while finishing the last martini of the evening, smell the appetizing odor of the little fishes browning nicely in the kitchen. Excuse me, I think dinner is ready.

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 12)

One evidence of the shortening food supply situation is the drop reported in cold storage occupancy. Public coolers were only 58 per cent filled and public freezers were only 75 per cent filled at last report, the seven per cent drop in cooler occupancy being contra-seasonal when compared with a normal increase of two per cent during the period covered. Similar reductions in the use of private cooler and freezer space were also reported.

No attempt has been made to explain this phenomenon, but a reluctance to store foods at present prices is probably to blame. If the influencing factors are of longer range, some revision of recent predictions of a power squeeze resulting from increased use of freezers may be necessary. Even if the electric power industry does not experience the predicted sharp increase in demand from this source, its customers are increasing elsewhere. A survey by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics shows that the comparatively high level of farm incomes during the recent years is making it possible for many farm families to use electric appliances for the first time.

This survey indicates that 43 per cent of all U.S. farms now have an electric washing machine, 38 per cent have electric refrigerators and 27 per cent are using electricity as power for water systems. Contrast these percentages with those of any other country if you want to appreciate how ably this nation has handled its material resources.



Science is now coming to the aid of the farmer from another direction--figuratively turning the atomic sword into a radioactive ploughshare. With funds provided by the Atomic Energy Commission, the Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils and Agricultural Engineering has launched a study of the influence of radioactive materials on the growth of crop plants. The research will measure the effect of the addition of radioactive materials to soil and fertilizer on the growth, maturity, yield and composition of various representative crops and will also seek to determine the influence of low radiation activities on the germination of seed and the growth and vigor of seedlings. Case history material, of course, is available at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.



What may be a further contribution to the movement to stabilize rural economy by establishing new industries in small towns and open country locations has been made by Agriculture's Northern Regional Research Laboratory. Scientists there have just issued the first of a series of explanatory studies appraising the feasibility of manufacturing insulating building board from straw in farm communities. The initial study considers a daily production of 4,500 square feet of sheathing in 4-by-4 panels by plants employing straw from nearby farms and a force of no more than eleven men.

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Is Pro Golf Stymied?

(Continued from page 6)

who show snow-bound Northerners how to keep the left arm straight in the dead of winter and with golf months away. Five bucks an hour would be about the average demanded for this tutelage.

To be accurate in all this mathematical maze, a golfer would have to pro rate the cost of his clubs and bags, which last from season to season, unless the player listens too avidly to the pro and buys new weapons from time to time, sure that his mistakes on the fairway and in the traps are attributable only to the cursed club.

This is another state of mind highly approved by the professional who runs the golf shop and gets a mighty mark-up on the accessories gladly shipped him by the various manufacturers.

A set of high-quality matched irons will run about \$80, with the three necessary wooden bludgeons costing \$12 apiece. A golf bag runs from \$6 to \$60, depending on whether the golfer merely wants a receptacle for his clubs or whether he also wants a raincoat, extra shoes and an umbrella transported for his needs. The latter bag is a maddening heavy thing for the caddie, despite the fact that most caddies are men nowadays, mainly because, in many States, child labor laws ban even caddying until after 15 years of age.

The formative years for any athlete are the ones in the late teens, and it's clear from all these figures that no teener, except the son of a wealthy pop, can stand the tariff of current golf. How can these youngsters ever hope to play tournament golf? They are doomed to a life of weekend golfing, when they get enough money.

The war brought on rising prices and workers demand and receive high prices for their labor. Steel is high priced and steel is used in the club heads and the shafts. Rubber is exorbitantly high and rubber is inside the ball. The manufacturers say that they are practically "giving" away the equipment as it is. It seems to me, though, that, faced with dwindling outlets for their products, the manufacturers ought to find some way to make them cheaper and encourage young men to play the game.

I wouldn't know about this, but mayhap a return to wooden shafts, instead of the whippy steel, would be cheaper. After all, great golfers like Harry Vardon and Ted Ray and Sandy Herd and Bob Jones and Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour and Jim Barnes and Chick Evans played with wooden shafts and their names are in the record books for keeps. A little promotion and advertising on the part of the manufacturers and the wood industry would help a lot in popularizing the wooden shaft.

Proprietors of the private golf courses say that the upkeep is too

costly to make memberships less expensive, that the help demands high wages, that tools and gadgets to keep the courses in playable shape are lofty in price, that the new-fangled irrigation systems for the greens and fairways come high, too. And then they talk about paint and supplies, the hazards of weather, of insurance and taxes, mortgages and outstanding indebtedness, but forget to mention how much profit there is in the dining room and bar.

THE promotion of golf for the youngsters ought to be a definite must for these men. Some newspapers fostered such tournaments last summer but found that it couldn't be done properly because of lack of entrants, who were foiled from competing by the cost. And it wasn't too long ago when the major-league baseball moguls were yelling that youngsters were devoting their formative years to golf and not to baseball. They saw the light and a baseball is the first thing shown a youth these days. Proud fathers, seeing a new son through the hospital glass for the first time, anxiously ask the attendant nurse: "Can he go to his left?" not "Do you think he'll be any good with a Number 3 iron?"

The baseball people saw their peril and teamed to make the playing of the game attractive, so that a boy, if he can't qualify to play major-league baseball later on, will at least part with the buck and a half to see his favorite team play on Saturday and Sunday. They conned municipalities into making fairly adequate playgrounds for baseball available. They saw to it that gloves and balls and bats and uniforms never got out of hand in a price way. They poured

dollars into the American Legion baseball program and aided the various Police Athletic Leagues and other such youth organizations. And the publicity from a monumental check being wafted under the nose of a boy like Dick Wakefield of the Detroit Tigers, just to sign a contract, brought renewed interest into baseball for young men.

The golf-minded should be copycats. It'll pay off.

Joe Dey, secretary of the United States Golf Association, fairly scoffs at all this.

"You seem to be too concerned with professional golf," he says. "That's not the point. The idea is to have people play golf for the fun of it, not merely to win money doing it. And I believe firmly that golf is booming. The amateur tournaments are a better reflection than the glorified, highly publicized circuses of the touring professionals.

"Our public links tournaments, for instance, show unusually large entries these times and I'll tell you why. Most of these fellows who play in the public links affairs are union members in their work and, by banding together, they argue for and get higher wages. Wages that have kept pace with the upping of costs to play golf. The income increases have kept step with the price of clubs and all other golfing expenses."

Now, that argument fails to hold water. According to those complicated graphs you see in the financial sections of the Sunday newspapers, wage earnings since the beginning of the war have risen about 14 per cent, while the cost of living is up in the neighborhood of 40 per cent. And that is for essentials—like bread and clothes and even beer. Surely this variance can't be much help to the luxury of playing golf. And golf is a luxury unless some putt-minded doctor prescribes it for a millionaire patient.

RATHER unconsciously, but goaded by aging publishers who issue the weekly paychecks, sports editors around the country have recognized the lack of appeal of the same old golf names in the stories every day, week in and week out. They know that the reader doesn't fall for the 64s and even 60s shot on the Chamber of Commerce courses of the West and South. They know that these same pros will have a horrible time shattering by a stroke a par 72 on a legitimately lengthed course. They know that the touring pros tee up on the fairway and concede putts. They know that the public knows it.

These sports editors know that the public has actually booed Ben Hogan for his mechanical ability and lack of that indefinable something called color. They know that the only two "name" golfers who attract gallery attention these days are Locke, the



Afrikaner, and Demaret, the fashion plate with the grin. And Bing Crosby and Bob Hope when they hack away in the interests of sweet charity.

Locke and Demaret put on a show. They are not methodically boring. They make mistakes, but their amazing recoveries grab the "ahs" and "ohs" from the crowd. Locke plays in his plus fours because they cause attention and those plus fours guarantee him money before the tournament starts. The same with Demaret's wild sweaters and his jaunty felt hat, turned up in front, and his gestures when he makes a shot that is not perfection. Melville (Chick) Harbert, of Detroit, ought to be included in this spectator-conscious category of performers.

Lately the sports editors have been giving more and more space to local golf and delineations of what makes a club champion than to tournaments supposedly of national interest. These realists have detected a growing lack of interest in big-time golf, with the same old names. They re-

mind me of the time that Francis Albertanti, now a venerable press agent for fighters and press host at sylvan training camps for challenging heavyweights, once was sports editor of the old *New York Evening Mail*.

Francis then, as now, believed that the only sports that the public gave a hoot about were baseball, racing and boxing and his pages were solely for those three businesses. One day his publisher accosted him in the city room and asked why he didn't see anything about golf on the sports pages.

"Golf?" snorted Albertanti. "Who in the world plays golf?"

"Why, lots of bankers and stock brokers," was the answer.

"Well, put it on the financial page, then," said Francis. And that's where golf stories appeared during Albertanti's tenure of editorial sway.

And that's where it'll wind up right soon, unless the golf people get wise and lower the cost of playing the game.

Landmark of History

(Continued from page 11)

it was that of Geneva". It was this man, practically single-handed, who kept this great resolve in mind in the forming and granting of the three original Charters, seeking always to procure a self-government for America. Reading between the lines we see that openly these men were mere colonists but in their souls they were already the future founders of the Republic.

In December, 1606, three little vessels, the *Sarah Constant*, the *Discovery* and the *Goodspeed*, set sail from England under Captain Christopher Newport for the distant shores of Virginia. After a dangerous and long voyage the little fleet entered Chesapeake Bay on May 6, 1607. Strict orders had been issued by the king not to effect a settlement less than one hundred miles inland so as to guard against possible attack by the Spaniards. With a favorable wind, a channel was discovered that led to the broad mouth of a river, which they named the James, and found a landing place with six fathoms of water where they could moor their ships to the trees on the shore. This spot they named Jamestown and it received the honor of becoming the Birthplace of the United States of America. In this way the English began their first permanent settlement in the New World.

The first charter granted by the king in 1606 proved unduly harsh and wholly unsuited to the infant settlement and served from the outset to breed hostility and discontent among the settlers. Steps were under way almost immediately to set aside this preliminary charter given by the king. It will be seen, even at this early date, that there was a strong desire to have a voice in the management of affairs. Virginia at this

time and under these conditions was nothing but an English colony. There was no semblance of self-government, but the colonists were supposed to "have and enjoy all the liberties, franchises and immunities, to all intents and purposes, as if they had been abiding and born within the realm of England". It is a matter of history that these promises were never kept by the kings of England, which later became one of the major causes for the War of Independence.

As a result of the manifestly just and outspoken discontent, a new charter was drawn up by Sir Edwin Sandys, approved by the Company, and assented to by the king in 1609. Under this new document the affairs of the Company were placed under the control of an all-powerful governor. The colony was as yet too young and feeble for the establishment of representative government and the assent of the king could not have been obtained for such a radical change. It will be observed, however, that its great importance lay in the fact that under its provisions the king resigned actual control of the colony into the hands of the Virginia Company. It was this significant resignation that later became the first step toward representative government in America. In 1612 a third charter was granted that provided the important privilege of holding great meetings or assemblies where all matters pertaining to the government of the colony could be discussed.

The First General Assembly of the plantation of Virginia was an epoch not only in Virginia but in the United States. This first American popular legislative body convened in the "quiere of the church", the same church in which Pocahontas later

(Continued on page 34)

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was married. This First General Assembly consisted of the governor, Sir George Yeardley, six or more councillors (corresponding to our senate of a later date), twenty burgesses, representing ten plantations (as now functioning by our house of representatives). One of the first acts of this Assembly was the taking of measures toward the erection of a university or college. Care also was taken for the education of Indian children. Another important power was exercised in the matter of taxation in Virginia. It was ordered that "every man and manservant of above 16 years of age shall pay into the hands and Custody of the Burgesses of every Incorporation and plantation one pound of the best Tobacco". Still another feature of the General Assembly was that it functioned not only as a legislative body but also as a Court of Justice and for years it served as the highest tribunal of the colony.

The first years took a terrific toll of the lives and fortunes of the colonists. Famine, epidemics, and the arrows and tomahawks of the native Indians so depleted their ranks that only a remnant of their number remained alive. At the time of the arrival of the English in Virginia, the Indians found inhabiting the section embracing Jamestown constituted a confederacy of tribes under a head war chief named Powhatan. By sheer strategy and arms this man had succeeded in making himself head of 34 tribes, and his warriors numbered approximately one thousand men. His authority was absolute. He had instituted a regular tax system of finance with a force of tax-gatherers whom he sent among the tribes at regular intervals to make collections. Every tribe or unit was obliged to pay him 80 per cent of all commodities which their country yielded or the chase afforded. So powerful was his rule that these tribes dared not dress a single deer-skin or put it on until Powhatan had seen and refused it. Fifty armed savages, the tallest in his kingdom, were constantly at his command. It was said that his sooth-sayers had informed him that from the Chesapeake a nation would arise which would dissolve his kingdom and put an end to his empire. It was this presentiment that explains the restless warfare upon the new intruders of his domain.

In 1610 the men of the little colony found themselves in such dire straits that they begged Sir Thomas Gates to spare them further misery by returning them to England. *Smith's Historie* gives a graphic account of the suffering during those fearful months. Those that escaped starvation were preserved, it says, "for the most part, by roots, herbs, acornes, walnuts, berries, now and then a fish. . . . Yea, even the skinnies of our horses. Nay, so great was our famine, that a Savage we slew and buried, the poorer sort took him up again and eat him; . . . And one amongst the rest did kill his wife,

powdered her, and had eaten part of her before it was knowne; for which hee was executed, as hee well deserved. . . . This was the time, which to this day we call the starving time; it were too vile to say, and scarce to believe, what we endured".

Gates decided to yield to these petitions and actually abandoned the whole enterprise by embarking the few remaining settlers and turned his back on Virginia. But the Almighty had other plans. It was not destined that this enterprise, so important to the entire world, should fail. As the ships drifted down the river with the tide, to their great surprise, they saw a small pinnace or launch coming up the river with a message from Lord De La Warr (now Delaware to America) to the retreating colonists.

A new expedition had arrived composed of three ships, laden with one hundred and fifty new immigrants with high ideals and new enthusiasm and an abundance of fresh supplies for the relief of the colony. Upon receiving this welcome news Gates immediately "bore up helm" and returned to Jamestown and the colony was saved. Under Lord De La Warr it was discovered that the chief cause for the constant epidemics of sickness in the settlement was its unhealthy location. A new site up river was found some 50 miles from Jamestown that afforded not only security from the Indians but room for expansion of soil cultivation in a large way and the growing of tobacco became a major pursuit. The new site was named Henrico in honor of Prince Henry. Here something like prosperity dawned for the colony. New plantations were the order of the day, and in a few years the colonists actually shipped 20,000 pounds of the finest tobacco to the mother country. The ultimate triumph of the colony was now assured.

THIS sketch would indeed be incomplete without a brief reference to two names that have been on the lips of every boy and girl in America. Captain John Smith and Princess Pocahontas have carved their names everlastingly on the roll of honor among the founders of the birthplace of America. Captain Smith left his home in England at the early age of 15 to seek his fortune, and became one of the greatest travelers and adventurers of his time. He traveled widely in Europe, Asia and Africa as a soldier and served under the famous generals of his day, becoming a master in the art of war. It so happened that his Old World experiences culminated in time for him to reach his homeland to be among those who came to Jamestown in 1607. The Arabian Nights quality of one phase of his mind stood him in good stead in dealing with the aboriginal Indians. On more than one occasion his ready wit and flair for the spectacular induced the Indians to send corn to the destitute colonists. His knowledge as an explorer served him well in the New World and he rose to the proud distinction

of President of the Colony in 1608. On one of his many expeditions he crossed the path of a band of some 200 Indians by whom he was captured and brought to Powhatan. This time he was sentenced to die. It seems now to be established beyond doubt that through the efforts of Princess Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of Powhatan, his life was saved and he returned to the colony laden with presents.

Princess Pocahontas also had a remarkable career. Her true name was Matoaka and her pet name was "Little Wanton". It so happened that Sir Samuel Argall, in 1613, also on a quest for corn, learned from the natives that Pocahontas was visiting a neighboring king. Argall conceived the idea of capturing the princess and holding her as hostage. The king, fearing the English more than the wrath of Powhatan, with great reluctance and the present of a fine copper kettle, gave her up and she was placed aboard Argall's ship. The news of the capture of his favorite daughter filled Powhatan with rage and grief. He implored Argall to do her no harm and he in turn would become the lasting friend of the white man. Princess Pocahontas never returned to the Indians. She was educated by the English, became a Christian, renounced the idolatry of her country, and became the adored wife of young Captain John Rolfe. Powhatan approved the marriage and peace resulted that endured for the remainder of her short life. She removed to England with her husband where her rare beauty, gentle nature and queenly character won for her a presentation at Court and to the amazement of the entire assembly she bore her part as the daughter of a king.

Jamestown was never more than a mere village but today every American can look upon it proudly as the birthplace of our country, and a shrine at which we may pay homage as the most revered spot in our history. Here the first tree was felled for the first permanent village in North America. Here was erected the first church in the New World where man can worship as conscience may decree. Here was performed the first English marriage. Here took place the first trial by jury. Here was convened the First General Assembly. Here was laid the foundation for a New Nation in a New World. Here it was that men tasted freedom of thought, word and deed, to have life and have it abundantly.

It is indeed fitting that today we may look upon a fine statue of Captain John Smith, in an attitude of great expectancy, as it gazes up James River, for his country and your country.

"O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw,
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem."

News of the Order



Top: Bedecked with leis, Hawaii's floral symbol of welcome, Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. L. A. Lewis arrive in Honolulu for a nine-day visit. The first leader of the Order to visit the Islands in 15 years, Mr. Lewis paid official calls on Honolulu Lodge No. 616 and Hilo Lodge No. 759.

Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler's party pictured with Honolulu Lodge officers who welcomed them on shipboard. The visitors include Past Grand Est. Leading Knight and Mrs. F. Eugene Dayton, P.D.D. and Mrs. Morley H. Golden, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pearson and the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Lewis.

News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

MISSOURI

The Missouri State Elks Association met for a two-day session at the home of Joplin Lodge No. 501 on May 15th. Over 500 were registered, making this the largest meeting in the Association's history.

At the banquet held in the newly decorated quarters of the host lodge on Saturday evening, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle made the principal address and Grand Est. Lect. Knight H. H. Russell presented the Elks National Foundation \$300 check to Milo A. Harris, as the "Most Valuable Student" from Missouri.

In the Ritualistic Contest held Saturday afternoon, Warrensburg Lodge placed first; Trenton, second, and St. Louis, third.

On Sunday morning at the business meeting a new constitution, similar to that of the Illinois Association, was adopted unanimously. The delegates voted to continue during the year its program to provide eye glasses for indigent children and old persons; its Veterans program in conjunction with the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and its sponsorship of the awarding of an annual \$300 scholarship allotted to the State by the Foundation. It will request each of the 25 Missouri lodges to sponsor a Boy Scout Troop.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are: Pres., H. H. Russell, Warrensburg; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, L. B. Pratt, Jefferson City; Vice-Presidents Carl F. Urban, Sedalia, S.W.; R. F. Collins, Trenton, N.W., and H. Glenn Weber, DeSoto, E. Trustees are J. L. Treadway, Joplin; Townsend Hader, Lexington, and Ben Mathews, Festus. Pres. Russell appointed John E. Mills of Warrensburg Lodge as Secretary.

FLORIDA

The 1948 meeting of the Florida State Elks Association was held at Key West on Apr. 24, 25, 26 and 27, and many distinguished guests on hand. These included Special Deputy Floyd Brown; Alto Adams, a member of the Grand Forum; Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight James A. Dunn; Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, Past State Presidents W. A. Wall, James J. Fernandez, Frank Thompson, L. F. Chapman and L. F. McCready, and retiring

President Cullen H. Talton.

Mr. Wall, Chairman of the Harry-Anna Home Committee, gave the annual report covering the operation and maintenance of the Home, which revealed that the average daily child census at the Home for crippled children was 60 youngsters, and that to it, the lodges in the State during the year had made contributions amounting to more than \$70,000.

The delegates adopted a resolution to sponsor the organization of the Elks Veterans Advisory Council throughout the State in connection with rendering aid to World War II veterans. The main social event was the President's Ball which took place the evening of the 27th and which was attended by about 1,000 members and their ladies. Ford Lauderdale Lodge took the first prize in the Ritualistic Contest, followed by Daytona Beach, Tallahassee and Clearwater Lodges in that order.

For the coming year those who will head the Association are: Pres., Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville; Vice-Presidents, Hugh Vaughn, N.E., St. Augustine, L. M. Strickland, N.W.; Tallahassee, James Sweeny, Cent., DeLand, Charles Pent, S.W., Tampa, and Frank O'Connell, S.E., Pahokee; Secy., Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami; Treas. Claude L. Johnson, Tallahassee; Historian, Howell A. Davis, Palatka; Tiler, J. Stuart Hicks, Key West; Chaplain, Rev. Father J. H. Johnson, Key West; Sgt.-at-Arms, Peter Gessner, DeLand, and Organist, Harry Kudell, Sanford.

It was announced by Pres. Bohon that the annual Fall conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries would be held in September, the date and location to be determined later. The 1949 Convention will be held in Pensacola.

THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE REPORTS THE FOLLOWING CONVENTION DATES FOR 1948

State	Place	Date
Montana	Great Falls	July 22-23-24
Wisconsin	Madison	Aug. 26-27-28
Virginia	Alexandria	Aug. 29-30-31
Ohio	Cedar Point	Aug. 29 to Sept. 2
Pennsylvania	Reading	August 30-31, Sept. 1-2-3
New Mexico	Las Vegas	Sept. 10-11-12
Tennessee	Knoxville	Sept. 17-18
Colorado	Fort Collins	Sept. 17-18-19
California	Santa Cruz	Oct. 6-7-8-9
New Hampshire	Dover	Oct. 9-10

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417 was host to the 1948 Convention of the

Oklahoma State Elks Association over the weekend of May 15 and 16.

Business meetings were held both days, interspersed with cocktail parties, dinners and dances, all of which were most enjoyable. Winners of the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Awards in Oklahoma were, 1st, Charles Larry McLane, \$300; 2nd, Dale Seymour Baird, \$200; 3rd, Marie Damm, \$100, and 4th, Banks McDowell, Jr., \$50.

E.R. Kenneth L. Aldrich was Toastmaster at the Banquet Saturday evening, when Pres. Herman J. Salz welcomed the delegates, and the prizes were awarded to the above-named students. Among those who addressed the diners were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and Earl E. James, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Special Deputy Floyd Brown was also present.

Leaders of the organization for the year 1948-49 are: Pres., J. Thad Baker, Muskogee; 1st Vice-Pres., Kenneth L. Aldrich, Oklahoma City; 2nd Vice-Pres., Aubrey M. Kerr, Ada, 3rd Vice-Pres., Ed Green, Duncan, and Treas., Marvin Fowler, Shawnee.

ARIZONA

The 33rd Annual Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association was held at Douglas, close to the Mexican border, for three days, beginning on May 20th. The attendance numbered approximately 1,000, including delegates and their ladies, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was one of the distinguished guests.

Detailed reports were delivered by Pres. H. E. Williams on the activities of the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson, and the sponsorship of the band at the Ariz. Industrial School at Fort Grant, by the furnishing of uniforms and band instruments. In his report, Pres. Williams requested each lodge to stage a "Welcome Home" party for veterans each Armistice Day eve.

Official activities included dances, a complete Hollywood show and, on Saturday evening, a banquet and grand ball in honor of retiring and incoming officers. Nine of the 16 lodges in the State were represented in the Ritualistic Contest which was won by Tucson, with Yuma and Phoenix placing second and third respectively.

New officers include: Pres., Ed. G. Lawler, Yuma; Vice-Pres., Wm. M.

Geany, Globe; C. E. Lawrence, Prescott, and W. W. Maxwell, Tucson, Assistants to the President, and Secy., Ira Whiting, Yuma. Trustees are S. O. Morrow, Flagstaff; W. R. Wilder, Douglas, and Robert C. Russell, Jr., Ajo.

Yuma will be host to the 1949 Convention, when Yuma Lodge will be celebrating its 50th Anniversary.

WEST VIRGINIA

Registration of 175 delegates marked the 1948 meeting of the West Virginia State Elks Association at Morgantown May 21, 21 and 22. Over 600 members attended this 40th Annual Reunion, and nearly 400 visiting ladies were entertained at a bridge luncheon at the Morgantown Country Club on Friday afternoon, and a style show at the Morgan Hotel Saturday.

The grand parade Friday night featured eight units with floats and supporting bands and was viewed by over 15,000. The Ritualistic Contest was won by Wheeling Lodge in a close decision over Huntington Lodge.

Present on this occasion were Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner.

Officers for the coming year are: Pres., E. B. Heiskell, Morgantown; Secy., H. E. Johns, Morgantown; Treas., W. Don Morris, Huntington; 1st Vice-Pres., S. W. Cody Fletcher, Princeton; 2nd Vice-Pres., S. W. C. Wortman, Jr., Charleston; 1st Vice-Pres., N., Elwood G. Grisell, Moundsville; 2nd Vice-Pres., N., Bencile Williams, Clarksburg, and Trustee, A. E. Kallmerten, Huntington.

No decision was made as to the place or date of the 1949 Convention.



Above: At Morgantown for the 1948 meeting of the WEST VIRGINIA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION are, left to right, P.E.R. William H. Craze, General Chairman, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Mayor H. L. Winter, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and retiring President A. E. Kallmerten. This group and 40 officers met the Grand Exalted Ruler at the State Line.

Below is part of the crowd which attended the banquet held in conjunction with the OKLAHOMA STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION Convention.



THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

THE DISCOVERY of the Hawaiian Islands by Captain James Cook over 200 years ago was not as important to the Elks now living there as was the arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis this past April. From the moment he stepped ashore and spoke over two Honolulu radio stations which had set up microphones on the dock, the Order's leader won the affection of all who met him, Elks and non-Elks alike. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, with Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight and Mrs. F. Eugene Dayton of Salinas, Calif., P.D.D. and Mrs. Morley H. Golden of San Diego and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pearson of the Lewis' hometown, Anaheim, Calif., arrived in Honolulu on April 14th aboard the *Matsonia*, making its final voyage to the Islands. Off-port they were met by D.D. John C. Linczer and E.R. Howard B. Simpson, who headed a large contingent of Elks. As the visitors came ashore they were almost buried under leis, the traditional Hawaiian garlands of welcome.

A motorcade with a police escort sped the party through downtown Honolulu to the famed Waikiki beach and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where the Grand Exalted Ruler and his entourage spent the next nine days. At luncheon that afternoon at the beautiful beach home of **HONOLULU LODGE NO. 616**, Mr. Lewis and the other California Elks were initiated to Hawaiian dress. "State-side" shirt, collar and tie were discarded in favor of the Aloha shirt of

brilliant hues, and from then on the visitors donned "Mainland" attire only on formal occasions.

The Honolulu Elks met their Grand Exalted Ruler at a gala cocktail party and reception on the 15th. This event, attended by hundreds of Elks and their ladies, was held on the spacious lawn of the lodge home, when the Order's leader saw for the first time the real Hawaii hula, the native dance. Following the reception, the visitors were dinner guests of the lodge's Past Exalted Rulers.

On Friday, the 16th, Mr. Lewis made his official visit to the lodge at a meeting held in the Grand Ballroom which was filled to overflowing. On this occasion he congratulated the members of No. 616 for their fight against the growth of communism on the Island. Honolulu Lodge has been the leader in this battle. That afternoon and Saturday found the Grand Exalted Ruler's party on a tour of the military and naval installations of the Island of Oahu, during which they visited Pearl Harbor as guests of Admiral Louis Dreller, and saw the charred ruins of the infamous Japanese attack of December 7, 1941.

A grand ball in Mr. Lewis' honor, a motor trip around the scenic Island of Oahu, luncheon at the Island beach home of P.E.R. William Lederer, a party at the home of P.E.R. Edwin Kilsby and informal dinners here and there kept the visitors busy until the

19th, when they boarded a Hawaiian Airlines plane to fly to the Island of Hawaii, 200 miles south of Honolulu with several members of Honolulu Lodge.

At the Hilo airport on Hawaii, the party was greeted by E.R. Wilmar Elliot and a large group of members of **HILO LODGE NO. 759**, and carried off to another whirlwind of social events. They lunched and dined with Hilo Elks, and on Monday evening the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the lodge in his official capacity. Prior to the opening of the session, Mr. Lewis officiated at a Court of Honor for the Boy Scouts and presented medals to these youngsters.

The next day the official party motored to the famous Black Sands of Kalapana where they were guests of P.E.R. Gilbert Hay at his beach home; from there they went to the home of P.E.R. James Henderson on the brink of Kilauea Volcano where they admired the beauties of Mr. Henderson's world-famous gardens. A visit to a Hawaiian sugar mill at Honomu, as the guests of P.E.R. William Moir, occupied the visitors' time until they planed back to Honolulu on the 21st.

On the eve of their departure from the Islands, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests of Honolulu Lodge at a real Hawaiian luau, or native feast, where the pig and other Island delicacies are cooked in an underground oven. At that gay affair Mr. Lewis was given an Island calabash, a bowl hand-carved from koa wood and mounted on a solid silver base, as a token of Aloha from the Island Elks.

On Friday afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit came to an end as the party boarded the *Lurline*, for its maiden voyage from Honolulu. Their staterooms were virtual flower gardens as scores of Elks crowded aboard the ship carrying gifts of flowers, and others sent them by messenger.

Seldom has any visitor to the Islands been accorded such a farewell, and those bidding Aloha to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and their friends numbered many who are not Elks, all of whom felt they had made life-long friends, which indeed they had.

At a Honolulu Lodge banquet in his honor Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis learned all about singing in the Hawaiian manner. He is pictured here with D.D. John C. Linczer, left, and E.R. Col. Howard B. Simpson, right, as they joined Island music girls in singing a Hawaiian *Mele* (song).



ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS

NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

1

During Aurora, Ill., Lodge's splendid Recruiting Program for the Army and the AAF, this photograph was taken at radio station WBNU-FM. Left to right are Robert Diller, Studio Manager, M/Sgt. Leo Smith in charge of recruiting for the area, M/Sgt. William Casebolt, top recruiter for the State during March, E.R. Robert E. Dolph and Secy. Leonard Applequist. E.R. Dolph received a deeply appreciative letter from Col. Courtney P. Young, CAC Commanding for the Ill. Recruiting District, on the splendid assistance the Aurora Elks gave the Army in the Recruiting Drive.



1. AURORA, ILL.



3. ALABAMA

2

Patients at the Lake City VA Hospital are pictured with Florida Elks and some of the gifts they received through the Elks Veterans Service Commission.

3

Veteran patients were entertained at their hospital by Hank Williams and his hillbilly band under the auspices of the Montgomery, Alabama, Elks' hard-working Hospital Committee.

4

Patients at the VA Hospital in Wichita, Kans., enjoy themselves at the Elks Carnival put on for their amusement.



2. FLORIDA



4. KANSAS

ELK FAMILY ALBUM

On these pages are photographs of fathers and sons who are members of our Order. Many of these men are officers of their lodges. Captions are at the side of photos. Another spread of such pictures will appear in a forthcoming issue.



These members of the Ritchlin family belong to BATAVIA, N. Y., LODGE, with the exception of John, who belongs to the Niagara Falls branch of the Order. Left to right they are Raymond, Ignatius, Jr., Richard, Ignatius, Sr., the father, John, Ernest and Howard.

W. H. Tittle is photographed in conversation with his three sons, W. H., Jr., Allen K. and Corbin P., when they all became affiliated with CHATTANOOGA, TENN., LODGE.



Mack A., Paul K. and George V. Trahan accept the good wishes of their father, George A. Trahan, upon their initiation as members of COHOES, N. Y., LODGE.

Not long ago GULFPORT, MISS., LODGE initiated a class of 15 candidates. Although this is not an unusual number, the class was unique in that it included a father and his five sons, the Dedeaux Family. Back row, left to right, Samuel J. Myers, William M. Davis, Curtis O. Dedeaux, Glenn R. Dedeaux, Kelsie B. Loper, Thomas H. Anderson and Rev. F. P. Donohoe. Front row, Leon J. Morlass, Jr., James L. Moore, Joseph W. Seibert, Jack F. Dedeaux, Nary Louis Dedeaux, Warren A. Dedeaux, Loren A. Dedeaux and William Luther Blackledge. All but two are veterans of World War II.

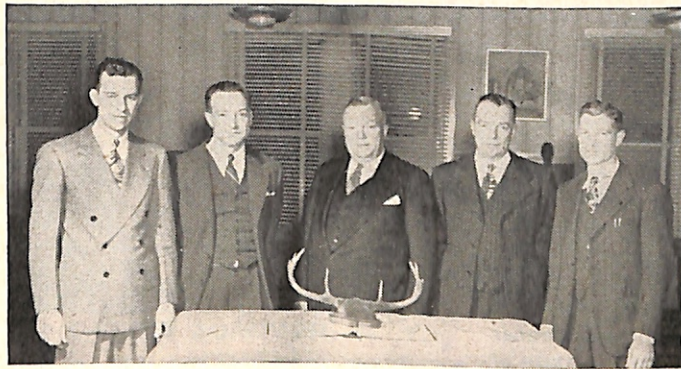




Lowell Sun

When NEW BRITAIN, CONN., LODGE honored at a testimonial dinner its Chairman of the Board of Governors, Lawrence P. Mangan, Sr., third from right, his five Elk sons were on hand. Left to right are William F., Lawrence P., Jr., John, Lawrence P., Sr., Thomas V. and Francis J. Mangan. Five hundred persons attended the dinner when this father received an Honorary Life Membership and a large purse in appreciation of his efforts in wiping out the mortgage on the lodge home after he became a Trustee.

E.R. Walter J. Markham, left foreground, congratulates John P. Hall, an Elk for over 40 years and the father of five sons, all of whom were initiated not long ago into LOWELL, MASS., LODGE. Pictured in the background, they are Dr. Leonard J. Hall, Dr. Jonathan P. Hall, Howard J. Hall, Richard T. Hall and Willard Hall.



Early this year ALBANY, N.Y., LODGE initiated a class of 26 candidates. In the group were several families. Here the two fathers, James J. Nolan, Sr., left foreground, and Joseph Montesano, Sr., talk it over as their sons look on. They are, left to right: James M. Nolan, Frank Montesano, John J. Nolan, Jr., and Joseph Montesano, Jr.



Charles F. Jaeger, Sr., center, has been a member of FERNDALE, MICH., LODGE since 1932. He is pictured with his four sons, Howard W. and Edward J., Louis F. and Charles F. Jaeger, Jr., when they became his Brother Elks at a meeting some time ago.



SOUTHAMPTON, N.Y., LODGE boasts this family of seven. They are E.R. Seth A. Hubbard and his five brothers, and his 81-year-old father, seated, all of whom were initiated at the visit of D.D. Charles O. Lawson and State Vice-Pres. Francis Fitzpatrick last October. In addition to these six initiates, Oliver W., Jr., Stanley, William G., Harold T., James J., and Oliver W. Hubbard, Sr., the Exalted Ruler's brother-in-law, James Grace, and a nephew, James Hubbard, Jr., were also included in the class.



Another Elk father stands between his four Elk sons, all members of MADISON, WIS., LODGE. Left to right they are Harold W. Wilkie, Edwin M. Wilkie, Harold M. Wilkie, Horace W. Wilkie and Dr. John M. Wilkie. Three of the boys served in the war, while Dr. John M. was assigned as staff member at Wis. General Hospital and University of Wisconsin Medical School for the duration. A fifth son, John A., finance officer with the Korean Occupation Forces, has sent in his Elk application and will be initiated upon his return.



News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

INDIANA ELKS ASSN. At the close of last year's Convention of the Indiana State Elks Assn., Pres. A. A. Pielemeier announced a tentative plan for the co-operation of the 65 lodges in the State in the Indiana Elks Cancer Program.

Great strides have been made by the lodges and the Permanent Activities Committee of which Harry E. McClain is Chairman. Well over \$50,000 has been raised during the year. Of this sum, \$21,000 has been turned over to the Indiana University Medical Center and \$7,500 has been allocated to Purdue University for the payment of five fellowships. During April the Association sponsored a State-wide outdoor display billboard campaign in conjunction with the National Cancer Society Drive. The billboard was placed in prominent locations in the 65 cities where Elk lodges are located. A state-wide newspaper publicity and advertising program regarding cancer is also in effect.

MONTPELIER, VT., Lodge, No. 924, voted to donate \$3,000 to the Heaton Hospital Expansion Fund at a recent meeting. The donation is payable over a three-year period, and will pay for a proposed new wing to be dedicated in memory of departed Elks.

Dr. E. A. Colton, President of the Hospital's Board of Trustees, expressed his deep appreciation for the Elks' generous gesture, pointing out that No. 924 recently gave an iron lung to that institution.

During the meeting at which this decision was made a class of ten candidates was initiated. Among those present were Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, who spoke briefly, and State Pres. Daughly Gould.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

SCRANTON, PA., Lodge, No. 123, didn't let the beginning of the 55th term of its Secretary, William S. Gould, go unnoticed. A dinner was held in his honor and a group of new members known as the Bill Gould Class was initiated in appreciation of the 54 consecutive years of loyalty, devotion and hard work put forth by Secretary Gould, who serves his State Elks Association in the same capacity.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 6, suffered the loss of two devoted members within a month. Secretary Walter Leitch passed away at the age of 72, one week after he had been nominated as Secy. for the 36th consecutive time. He is survived by his wife, Helen.

P.E.R. Harold J. Thielen, who led his lodge during the erection of No. 6's beautiful home, was the second member who passed away. Not yet 60 years of age, P.E.R. Thielen was an active and interested member of the Board of Trustees of Sacramento Lodge at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and daughter.

Elk services at the lodge home were held for both these loyal Elks. Those for Secy. Leitch were conducted by the lodge officers; those for P.E.R. Thielen by a corps of Past Exalted Rulers. Both these members will be deeply missed by their Brother Elks.

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, took great pleasure in observing Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan's 25th anniversary as a Trustee of the lodge. The affair took the form of a dinner at the Hotel Astor in Manhattan and was attended by over 1,500 Elks. Former Postmaster General James A. Farley, a Past President of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., was one of the speakers.

The lodge gave Judge Hallinan a 1948 Buick and the State Association presented to him a television set. Among the speakers were Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis; John T. Loughran, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals; Judge John F. Scileppi; Most Rev. Raymond A. Kearney, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn; Judge Henry C. Wenzel; State Assn. Pres. William Edelmuth; Borough President James A. Burke, and many other dignitaries.

1 State Assn. President Russell H. Williams, left, presents West Orange, New Jersey, Lodge's \$500 check as a donation to the New Jersey State Elks Association's Paraplegic Committee, to Chairman Joseph Bader.

2 Cancer research at Ind. University Medical Center was speeded up with a \$21,000 gift from the Indiana Elks Assn. State Pres. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier, right, hands the check to Dr. John D. Van Nuys, dean of the University's School of Medicine, as Marcella Dukes, medical technician in the research division, looks on.

3 Enjoying small talk at the testimonial dinner celebrating Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan's 25 years as a Trustee of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge are, left to right Judge John T. Loughran, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Judge Hallinan. Frank D. O'Connor, Chairman of this gala affair, stands behind them.

4 Shown with the oxygen tent Franklin, Pa., Lodge presented to the local hospital are, left to right: Est. Lect. Knight J. H. Cramer, Lead. Knight Paul E. Hunter, Loyal Knight Victor A. Deeter, E.R. Raymond Brown and Lester Gorr, Superintendent of the Hospital.

5 Here are the participants in the very successful, two-day Charity Minstrel given by Carlinville, Ill., Lodge.

6 Here are some of the 50 Syracuse, N. Y., Elks who traveled to Fulton Lodge to celebrate the homecoming of State Vice-Pres. Ronald Quade.



1. WEST ORANGE, N. J.



2. INDIANA ELKS ASSN.



3. QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y.



4. FRANKLIN, PA.



5. CARLINVILLE, ILL.



6. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

Charley Miller, famous Maine guide, holds one of the patients at the Hyde Memorial Home, during a showing of his outdoor movies. Standing at the door are members of Bath, Me., Lodge which was responsible for providing the youngsters' entertainment.



1. BATH, ME.

2

Michigan Elks Night at the home of Saginaw Lodge, when a class of twenty-four candidates was initiated with the capable assistance of the Degree Team from Pontiac Lodge.



2. SAGINAW, MICH.

3

The Mordecai Brown Class of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, initiated in honor of the late Chicago Cub pitcher, who was a Life Member of the lodge.



3. TERRE HAUTE, IND.

4

Outgoing and incoming officers of Littleton, Colo., Lodge are pictured at the lodge's birthday party, winding up six successful years with a membership list of almost 500 Elks.

5

E.R. Fay A. Bennett presents Salida, Colo., Lodge's \$1,000 check to D.D. George S. Casey and State Pres. M. B. Chase, representing the purchase of a Permanent Benefactors Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. Lodge officers are also pictured.

6

E.R. John R. Brichacek, in the presence of Goodland, Kans., Lodge officers, presents to Jesse Teeters, treasurer of Boothroy Memorial Hospital, a check for \$12,000 as the lodge's contribution to their Building Fund.

7

Retiring E.R. Leo G. Koepfle presents a hand-illuminated scroll to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett as a token of appreciation from Silver Spring, Maryland, Lodge.

8

Thanks to the Moline, Ill., Elks, youngsters attending the Augustana College Crippled Children Clinic are enjoying the benefits of a \$400 ultra-violet ray lamp, shown here. Left to right, standing, are E.R. Wilbert Larson; Prof. Martin J. Holcomb, head of the Augustana speech department; Ann VanEyck, director of the cerebral palsy unit at the college; Dr. Conrad J. Bergendoff, President of Augustana, and Dr. D. B. Freeman, Trustee of the Elks Crippled Children Fund. The children in the picture are Patricia McGinnis and Sandra Sajak.

9

The Ritualistic Champions of the Ohio Southwest District, representing

Springfield Lodge. Left to right, Don Netschke, Tom Morris, Robert Kunk, Jack Stabner, Otto Gebhardt, Gene Kunk, Ed Hill, and, sitting, Don Currey, serving as candidate. Springfield Lodge also placed four officers on the Southwest All-District Team: E.R., Jack Stabner; Lead, Knight, Robert Kunk, Loyal Knight, Otto Gebhardt, and Esquire, Gene Kunk.

10

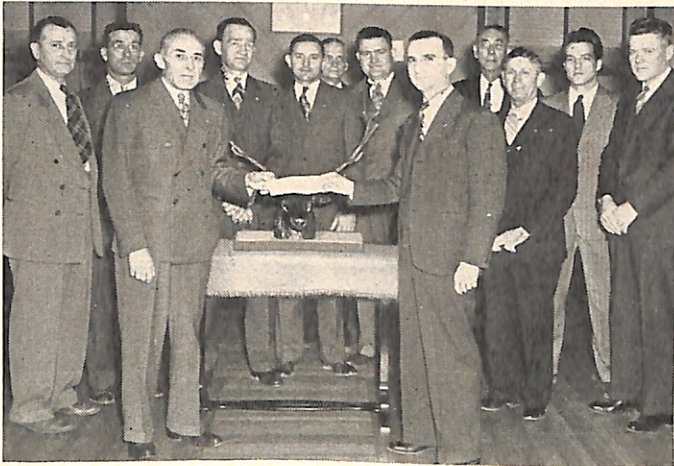
Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge sponsored a boxing match between the Valentine Boys Club and the Chicago Boys Club at the lodge home, when each member of the Valentine Club received boxing trunks and robes. The Chairman was Charles Kopetzke.



4. LITTLETON, COLO.



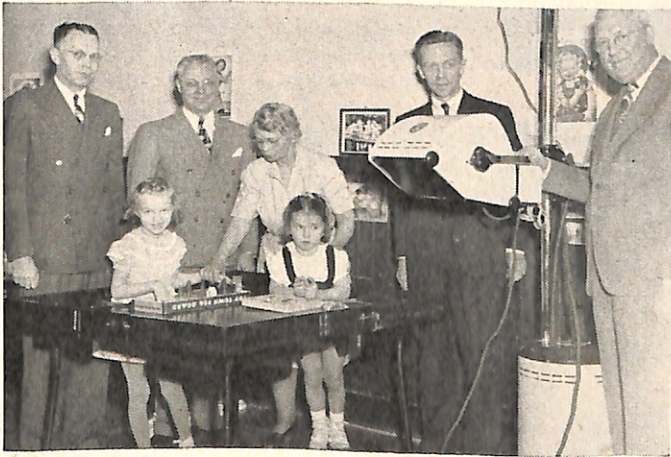
5. SALIDA, COLO.



6. GOODLAND, KANS.



7. SILVER SPRING, MD.



8. MOLINE, ILL.



9. SPRINGFIELD, O.



10. CHICAGO (SOUTH), ILL.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

E.R. John J. Hankard turns over Leominster, Mass., Lodge's \$3,000 check to Dr. I. W. Smith, P.D.D. and Trustee of Leominster Hospital. This payment increased to \$5,000 the lodge's Trust Fund allocated to the maintenance of a men's ward in the institution.

2

Glen Cove, N.Y., Lodge's Bowling Team, Nassau Co. Inter-Lodge Champions. Left to right: Kermit Toelke, N. T. Pellegrino, Fred Hoeven, Frank Mandato, Mike Musto and Robert Love. Chairman Pellegrino is presenting the trophy to Captain Mandato.



1. LEOMINSTER, MASS.



2. GLEN COVE, N. Y.



3. MADISON, WIS.

3

Eighteen of Madison, Wis., Lodge's 25 Past Exalted Rulers who assisted in the observance of P.E.R.'s Night. Seated, center, is W. A. Devine, dean of the group, who recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. This year, Madison Lodge's "Old Timers' Night" was a terrific success, with a German Band and a smorgasbord of over a hundred varieties of delicacies adding to the enjoyment of the more than four hundred Elks in attendance.

4

These men make up Olean, N.Y., Lodge's bowling team, winner of the City League Bowling Title for the second consecutive year. Left to right are Joseph Krott, Joseph Bush, Jerry Rogers, Thomas Maroney and Israel Schiff.

5

Price, Utah, Lodge's State Championship Bowling Team for 1947. Standing, left to right: Leo Knight, Fred Bonomo and Capt. Art Hansen. In the foreground, left to right: James Bergera, Fred Bosone and Tom Pace.

6

The talented cast of the Elks Minstrel given at Dixon, Ill., not long ago.

7

The cast of the play, "Fun for You", sponsored by Pocomoke City, Md., Lodge for the lodge's Charity Fund.

8

At Seminole, Okla., Lodge's first birthday party were, right to left, front row: D.D. John Collin, Est. Lead. Knight Chester E. Parker, E.R. H. L. Ward, Trustee J. C. Chadwick, P.E.R. C. E. Grooms, Trustee B. P. Rooney, P.E.R. H. D. Willard and Secy. A. O'Neil. Others pictured are Chair officers and guests. Seminole Lodge was instituted in 1944, Leap Year, so, of course, its first anniversary was celebrated this March.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, entertained the Boise Pilots, the city's baseball team in the Pioneer League, at a dinner which was attended by 300 Elks. Hayden Walker, a member of the lodge and owner of the team, attended with 20 of his players. At this affair Walter Lowe, manager of the team and another Elk, received a silver horse-shoe for good luck. The presentation was made by Est. Lead. Knight Patrick King. Ken Bennett of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, sports announcer for the Pioneer League games, acted as Master of Ceremonies and gifts were handed to each of the players.

An interesting quiz program on baseball was conducted and prizes were awarded the winners. This is an annual event of Boise Lodge and interest in it is increasing each year.



4. OLEAN, N. Y.



5. PRICE, UTAH



6. DIXON, ILL.



7. POCOMOKE CITY, MD.



8. SEMINOLE, OKLA.

1

At Nashville, Tenn., Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers' Night were former leaders R. R. Rummage, J. M. Petway, George Snyder, Alfred T. Levine, C. H. Smith, John J. Brady, Dr. Joseph Fenn, Herman T. Millerlie, William Roache and D.D. Edward McCabe. Also shown are E.R. Earl F. Broden, Est. Lead. Knight Thomas Stratton, Est. Lect. Knight Frank L. Turner, Est. Loyal Knight Thomas O. H. Smith, Esq. John Nolan, Treas. William L. Scheffer and Tiler Tom DeFord. Others pictured include Secy. H. L. Dahlman, Asst. Secy. Fred Beasley, Trustee Hoyt Strother and the class initiated on this occasion.



1. NASHVILLE, TENN.

2

P.E.R.'s at Sturgis, Mich., Lodge's meeting in their honor were, seated left to right: E. Lloyd Lee, Henry F. Loetz, L. D. S. Finney, Lee F. Barnell, H. Ted Douglas, J. Paul Wait, Tom H. Sturgis, Maynard D. Marker, A. M. Repke and Barna J. Parker. P.D.D. Bohn W. Grim, another P.E.R., was also present. Standing at the rear are the Drill Team and Chair officers.



2. STURGIS, MICH.

3

Some of the 254 bowlers who participated in the Western States Elks Lodges Annual Championship Bowling Tournament sponsored by the membership of Ogden, Utah, Lodge.



3. OGDEN, UTAH

4

Officers of Appleton, Wis., Lodge are photographed with twenty-five-year members on Old Timers Night.



4. APPLETON, WIS.

5

Troop # 14 of the Boy Scouts, sponsored by Decatur, Ill., Lodge, prepares to board its chartered bus for the third annual Abraham Lincoln Pilgrimage at Springfield. Decatur Lodge sponsors a troop of 27 boys, nine dens of Cub Scouts comprised of 89 boys and plans to sponsor a Sea Scout Ship and an Explorers Post.

6

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge presents Post Colors to the Anthony P. Damato Post #792 of the American Legion. Left to right are Committee Chairman John J. McGuire, Est. Lead. Knight John Honesky, Est. Loyal Knight George Kubilus, E.R. Edward J. Darowish, Post Commander Joseph C. Rooney, Sergeant-at-Arms John F. Twardzik, P.E.R., Adjutant Samuel Schutawie. The fine Notre Dame Band can be seen in the background.

7

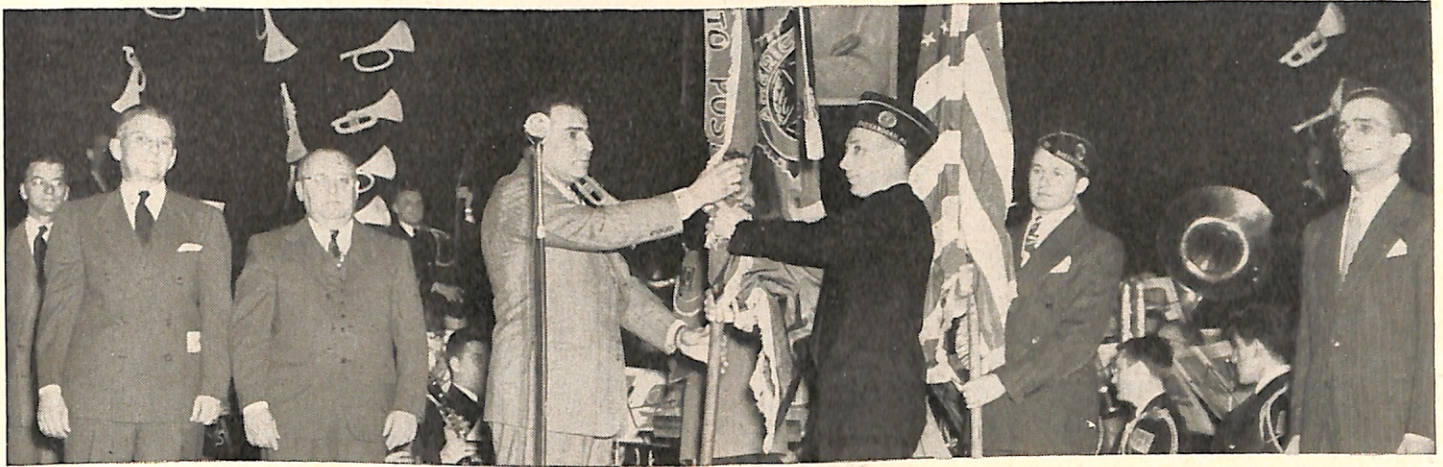
The guests at the Boy Scout Father and Son Banquet given by Tillamook, Ore., Lodge, pose for a picture.

8

A scene during the grand opening of San Jose, Calif., Lodge's Gold Room dining hall, which boasts a new kitchen, equipment and elevator service.



5. DECATUR, ILL.



6. SHENANDOAH, PA.



7. TILLAMOOK, ORE.



8. SAN JOSE, CALIF.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

Hemet, Calif., Lodge was instituted in the presence of several dignitaries of the Order. Left to right are William W. Garvin, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, D.D. Oscar Heying, P.D.D. R. J. Asbury, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, State Pres. Earl Williams, Secy. Earl Emerins of the new lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis and E.R. Charles Henebry of Hemet Lodge.



1. HEMET, CALIF.

NEW JERSEY ELKS have always been vitally and actively interested in aiding crippled children. Since the war, these members of our Order have taken the lead in a most worthwhile program, "Helping Cripples to Help Themselves".

During the month of April, the famous New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children's Committee sponsored the "Second Amputee Institute" at Hasbrouck Heights Hospital, in cooperation with the American Medical Assn's Council on Industrial Health, the N. J. Crippled Children's Commission, the Federal Office of Vocational Education, the N. J. State Rehabilitation Commission, the Associated Limb Manufacturers of America and the Hospital Association. In this program the psychological preparation of the patient was one of the primary purposes, with surgical care, orthopedic after-care, selection of the artificial limb and training the patient to use it being vital parts of this well thought-out plan. The value of the projects to our veterans, children and, for that matter, to all those with whom amputees come in contact, cannot be measured.

Several weeks ago, the Elks of New Jersey sponsored a "Demonstration" at the Soldiers and Sailors War Memorial Building in Trenton when many of those who have been aided through the Amputee Institute gave amazing visual evidence of their success in learning to overcome the loss of one—or even two legs. Many of the men proved they could dance perfectly well with artificial limbs; that they could play baseball, skate and fence, and little eight-year-old Francis Skibick, a victim of the Nazis, took great pleasure in demonstrating how well he can roller-skate. Cartoonist Al Capp, creator of "Li'l Abner" and Col. Robert S. Allen, newspaper Columnist and Radio Commentator, both amputees, were present to applaud the remarkable demonstration put on by these "Amputees in Action". Gov. A. E. Driscoll was laudatory in his remarks.

The Elks of New Jersey have done wonderful things for crippled children for 25 yrs. They have taken the plight of paraplegics to their hearts with splendid results. The Amputee Program is another of its many worthwhile projects.

2

Trophies in the Salem, Ore., Elks Golf Tournament are inspected by, left to right: Jim Sheldon, Ethan Grant, Committeeman Millard Pekar, Harry J. Wiedmer, Elk Secretary for thirty-two years, and Paul Neiswander.

3

At a dinner honoring State Pres. Cullen Tullen at Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge were, foreground, left to right: State Historian Howell Davis, P.E.R. H. B. Frederick presenting a pen and pencil set to the guest of honor, Mr. Talton and State Vice-Pres. Leo Butner. Background: State Vice-Pres. W. A. Partain Jr., E.R. Bemis Langworthy and P.D.D. O. B. Shanley.

4

E.R. Vincent V. Vassar presents Lewiston, Ida., Lodge's \$2,500 check to Sheriff W. W. Hays for the construction of a clubhouse for the Associated Boys' Club. Left to right are Secy. Reed Huneke, Mr. Vassar, Sheriff Hays, W. E. Bitter, Chairman of the ABC Board of Directors, and Bud Huddleston, ABC Activities Chairman.

5

Rulo Minear, second from left, presents the annual Minear Award to the outstanding four-letter Senior of Warsaw, Ind., High School, Milo Gates. Stu Holcomb, left, and Dave Rankin, look on approvingly. The presentation took place at Warsaw Lodge's Annual High School Athletic Banquet.

6

Akron, Ohio, Lodge gives an RCA 16mm sound projector and screen to the Girl Scouts of the area. Left to right are retiring E.R. L. A. Seikel,

Ray Myers, Chairman of the Youth Activities Committee, and newly elected E.R. Ray V. Newcome. The young ladies pictured are intermediate Scouts Carol Keach and Lois Union.

7

At the home of Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge the city received the National Traffic Safety Contest Honor Roll Plaque in recognition of the city's 1947 record for not having a traffic fatality. Left to right: Acting Chief of Police C. A. Love, Secy. Thomas Cunningham of the lodge, Mayor T. J. Howell, E.R. Frank Oechsner, Jr., and Assistant Chief John S. McLeod of the Washington State Patrol.

8

Moline, Ill., Lodge's Ritualistic Team, winners of the District competition at Dixon, is comprised of, front row, left to right: Esq. Howard Wahlstrand, Inner Guard Henry Ginkel, Chaplain Thomas Watt and Est. Lect. Knight Arthur Nelson. Back row, left to right, are Est. Lead. Knight Calvin U. Detwiler, E.R. Wilbert S. Larson and Esteemed Loyal Knight Don Lundeen.

9

Presenting checks totaling \$2,750 at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge's "Year of Giving" Dinner to Vassar, St. Francis and Northern Dutchess Hospitals, as well as the Home of Friendless Children are, left to right: C. V. Delaney; T. J. Whalen; Jack Haug; Mayor Wm. F. Edelmuth, State Pres., of Kingston; Chaplain Rev. T. E. Kaminski; Louis Donaldson; State Vice-Pres. E. L. Tinklepaugh; Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz; E.R. Edward Boland; Mrs. John Wilkie, of the Children's Home; Monsignor Snyder of St. Francis'; Robert Martin; Benson Frost, representing Northern Dutchess; Harold Spencer, representing Vassar Hospital; W. Davis, and W. Rowman.



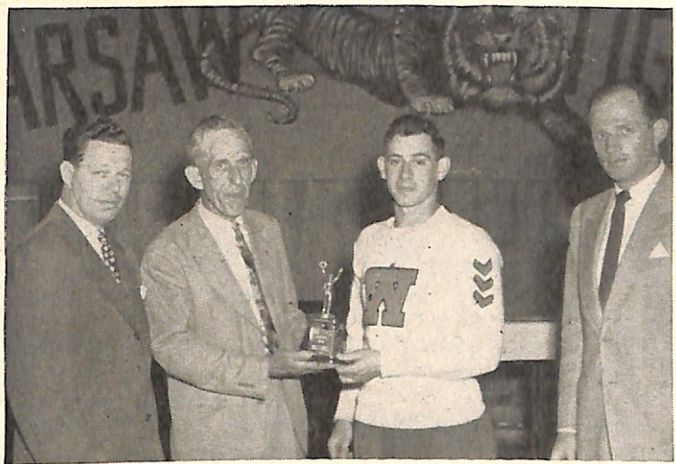
2. SALEM, ORE.



3. DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.



4. LEWISTON, IDA.



5. WARSAW, IND.



6. AKRON, OHIO



7. ELLENSBURG, WASH.



8. MOLINE, ILL.



9. POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

WILLARD, OHIO, Lodge, No. 1370, has a definite interest in combatting juvenile delinquency. Its very active Sports Committee recently put the finishing touches on one of the finest softball fields in Ohio. The field, known as the Elks Memorial Softball Field, is located in the local park and used daily by children of the community. Evening games under lights are played by lodge, merchant and league teams.

The Field was dedicated early this month and a flag-raising ceremony was part of the program in which high-ranking District and State Elk officers participated. Two games were played; the first by two top girls' teams from Cleveland, and the second by men's groups.

SOUTHINGTON, CONN., Lodge, No. 1669, suffered severe damage to its home when a flash fire broke out not long ago. It was estimated that the fire cost the lodge from \$15,000 to \$20,000 and as soon as insurance adjustments were made, repairs to the fine building were started. Little more than three years old, Southington Lodge boasts 240 members. No doubt, under the able leadership of E. R. Walter R. Dalton, the home will soon be shipshape. In the meanwhile, the local branches of the I.O.O.F. and the American Legion have offered the use of their homes to the Elks of Southington for as long as they might need it.

WAYNESBORO, PA., Lodge, No. 731, staged its second annual Minstrel and the audience numbered more than 3,500 persons. This healthy crowd brought in more than \$1,000 for the six performances of the season, all of which will be allocated to the lodge's charity fund. The show was presented twice in the lodge home, and then put on at Camp Ritchie, Md., for the benefit of the Blue Ridge Summit Fire Dept. Two public performances were given in Waynesboro for the Drum and Bugle Corps of the VFW Post. Highlighting the Minstrel's run was a charity performance for the hospitalized veterans at Newton D. Baker Hospital at Martinsburg. The cast of the show was composed entirely of Elks.

Recently No. 731 furnished 15 season tickets for the Community Concert Association to boys and girls at the United Brethren Orphanage and Home at Quincy, and subscribed \$100 to the operation and maintenance of playgrounds in Waynesboro.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, for 25 years has been deeply interested in public health, in particular that of

physically handicapped children. During the observance of Public Health Nurse Week, the splendid work of the New Jersey Elks received special commendation.

It was pointed out that ten years ago when the Union County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was organized, the set-up of the Elizabeth Elks Crippled Children's Committee was utilized by the chapter.

HANFORD, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1259, welcomed State Assn. Pres. Earl J. Williams on his official visit recently. He was accompanied by Robert Traver, Chairman of the Association's Veterans Service Committee. A class of 7 new members was initiated, and a dinner was served previous to the meeting.

Pete Demont was cited for special aid given to the veterans' committee, and awarded a distinguished service adornment.

BAINBRIDGE, GA., Lodge, No. 986, was instituted Apr. 23rd at the Lynn Haven Country Club. Special Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie, who had received the full cooperation of Thomasville Lodge in bringing No. 986 into the Order, represented the Grand Exalted Ruler on this occasion. The initiation of 61 new members was accomplished by the Ritualistic Team of East Point Lodge headed by E.R. Ray Witcher, while P.E.R. Charles D. Worthen of that lodge acted in the capacity of Grand Exalted Ruler for the installation of the officers.

Bainbridge has not had a lodge in 25 years, and its re-birth as a branch of the Order was attended by delegations from lodges in Valdosta, Albany, Moultrie, Thomasville, East Point and Atlanta. The State Association was represented by Pres. Jesse D. Jewell and Past Pres. Edward A. Dutton, formerly a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Lodge, No. 417, mourns the loss of Norman M. Vaughan who passed away several weeks ago at his home in Lexington. For 42 years Mr. Vaughan edited and published the magazine, *National Elks Horn*, as his personal contribution toward building Elkdom. He was a former President of two State Elks Associations, Missouri and Oklahoma. He is survived by a daughter, two sisters and a brother, E. A. Vaughan of Dallas, Tex., who brought the remains to St. Louis for interment. St. Louis Lodge, of which he was once a member, held services for Mr. Vaughan.

1
E.R. Harry E. Hamerslough, right, presents El Centro, Calif., Lodge's check representing fifty cases of milk, to Doyle Osman, Chairman of the Goodwill Milk Ship Fund sponsored by Governor Earl Warren, who is also a member of the Order of Elks.

2
The Elks lodges of New Mexico and El Paso, Tex., give evidence of the type of boys being trained at the Flying BR New Mexico's Boys' Ranch to become good citizens. The boys are holding two of the lambs of a flock of prize sheep purchased by the Elks as a project to interest the boys being cared for at the Ranch.

3
At the 50th Anniversary celebration of Newark, Ohio, Lodge at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Gov. Herbert spoke, were, left to right: Doctor McCormick, Cy Young, dean of Baseball, and Governor Thomas Herbert.

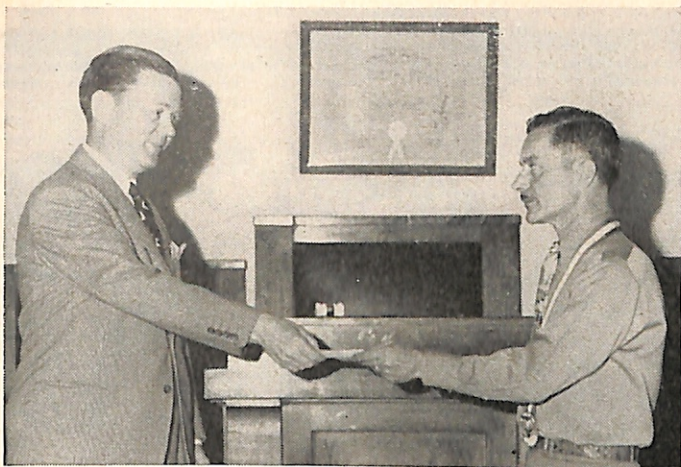
4
E.R. O. R. Heward and middleweight champion Tony Zale are in "jail" with "police" Paul Bassin and E. Camer keeping an eye on them at a Hard Times Party given by Gary, Ind., Lodge for bowling league members.

5
Mayor Al Feeney of Indianapolis, Ind., and a member of the lodge, is pictured as he delivered an address at the lodge's "Welcome Home" Dinner for the city's baseball team. E.R. Emerson J. Soland is on his right. Over 800 members of the lodge attended.

6
When the Freedom Train visited Pasadena, Calif., Monrovia Lodge chartered a bus and invited the public, as its guests, to visit the Train. Pictured with the bus are E.R. Lewis W. Brown, Est. Lect. Knight Ray Rankin and P.E.R. Rex Harbert, in charge of arrangements for this patriotic event.

7
Pace-setter in the Queens, N.Y., County Elks Bowling, the "L" squad, title-winners, admire their trophies. Left to right are Roger Waters, Woodside, P.E.R. Bill Schmitt, Woodside, Capt. Robert Essig, Tom Gilmartin and Walter Rall, Elmhurst, all of Queens Borough Elks Lodge.

8
E.R. Dr. W. C. Niedermeyer of Woodstock, Ill., Lodge presents an Elk gift of a red spotlight to Volunteer Fire Dept. Chief Lee Dittman, symbolic of the 22 similar lights presented to and installed on the private cars of the 22 volunteer fire-fighters. Left to right are Est. Lect. Knight Thomas O'Halloran, Est. Loyal Knight Wm. De Shon, Est. Lead. Knight L. B. Korfemeier, Dr. Niedermeyer and Chief Dittman.



1. EL CENTRO, CALIF.



2. NEW MEXICO-EL PASO, TEX., LODGES



3. NEWARK, OHIO



4. GARY, IND.



5. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



6. PASADENA, CALIF.



7. QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y.



8. WOODSTOCK, ILL.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

The Hampton, Va., Elks Boys Baseball Club, sponsored by the lodge as a contribution toward aiding teen-agers.



1. HAMPTON, VA.

2

When Shawnee, Okla., Lodge burned the \$20,000 mortgage on its home, 250 members attended the party celebrating the occasion. Willard Barnett, oldest living P.E.R., holds the mortgage as E.R. Melvin G. Smith strikes the match to destroy it. All officers were on hand, with seventeen of the lodge's Past Exalted Rulers.



2. SHAWNEE, OKLA.

3

Part of a group of Girl Scouts and their leaders entertain the "Dads", many of whom are Elks, at a banquet held by Manhattan, Kans., Lodge. Three separate dinners were given with a total of 775 persons present.



3. MANHATTAN, KANS.

4

Youngsters at the Crippled Children's Hospital are pictured with gift baskets presented to them by the members of Richmond, Virginia, Lodge.



4. RICHMOND, VA.

5

The 125 Elks of Stevens Point, Wis., about to entrain for the Annual Wisconsin State Elks Bowling Tournament at Manitowoc. To accommodate this large contingent, Stevens Point Lodge chartered five Pullman cars, one baggage car and an observation car, and the travelers actually lived on the train during the tournament. The Soo Line R.R. gave this trainload of Elks right of way over many other trains.

6

Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge's Minstrel Show cast, pictured at their second very entertaining annual performance.

7

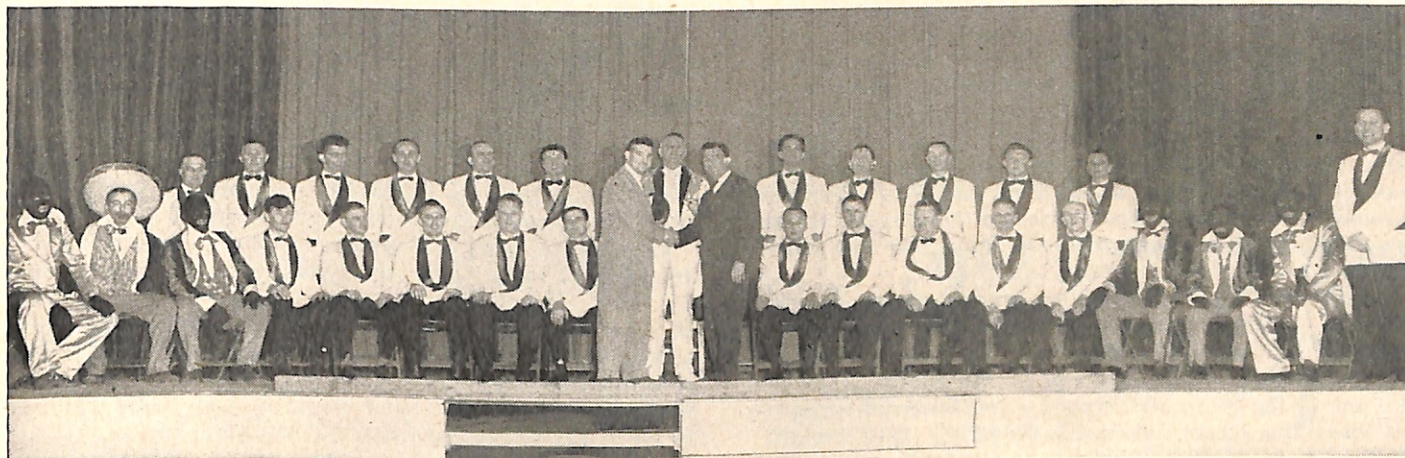
At State Association Night, celebrated by Freeport, N.Y., Lodge, were Secy. George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. William F. Edelmuth, State Vice-Pres. Frank L. Fitzpatrick, D.D. Charles Lawson and P.E.R. H. Alfred Vollmer and the class initiated in his honor.

8

A class of candidates recently initiated into Glens Falls, N.Y., Lodge.



5. STEVENS POINT, WIS.



6. WAYNESBORO, PA.



7. FREEPORT, N. Y.



8. GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

The American way of life—free enterprise, free speech, freedom of worship, the right to choose our own road and follow it to any length within the framework of the constitution—is our inheritance, to have, to hold, and to cherish.

INDEPENDENCE DAY



ON JULY 4, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, one of the most remarkable political documents ever penned. Not only did it promulgate the decision of the Congress to sever all ties holding the Colonies to the Mother Country, but it declared the birth of a Nation founded upon the premises that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed".

The adoption of the Declaration was a bold act. It was a step taken by the Congress with full knowledge that the resources of the Colonies were meager, that a long, bitter war lay before them, and that failure of the Revolution meant that every one of the 56 signers, signed a confession of treason to the Crown, that meant ignominious death.

But the faith of the Congress in their people was justified, and after five years of cruel war, marked by intense suffering, hunger, cold and disease, the ill-clad, poorly equipped Armies of the Revolution wore down the power and strength of the world's greatest nation, and brought victory to American arms.

In the establishment of the new government, its course charted by the Declaration of Independence, the United States of America struck a shattering blow at the theory that monarchs governed by Divine right, and demonstrated the ability of free men to build a nation, becoming progressively greater, until today America is the strongest of all, leader of the world's democratic forces, and guardian of liberty everywhere.

With the approach of Independence Day it would be well for every American to review the early history of the Republic, and to study the Declaration of Independence. This course is recommended particularly for those who have allowed themselves to become contaminated with strange ideologies from strange lands, who are being misled by demagogues and listening to soft voices preaching appeasement and compromise with the enemies of America.

It is beyond the comprehension of the normal American how any man or woman who has lived in America, enjoyed its advantages, witnessed the humblest among us ride to the highest places, can still believe that any other system of government is comparable to that built upon the Declaration adopted by our forefathers 172 years ago.

Liberty is the greatest treasure men and nations possess. It has been won only through the shedding of blood, and can be held, as we have learned, only through "blood, and sweat and tears". It will be ever thus until the people of totalitarian countries learn the truth about democracy as it works in America, then will they rise up against their oppressors, and perhaps peace will dawn upon the world.

In this 172nd year of our independence, let us hail the memory of those able and courageous men who, with a noose around their necks, signed our charter of liberty, and the memory of all of those who in the years that followed died to preserve the liberty we now enjoy.

CONVENTION BOUND



AS THIS ISSUE of *The Elks Magazine* goes forward to the homes of its readers, thousands of these readers will be speeding toward Philadelphia to participate in the deliberations of the 84th Session of the Grand Lodge. They will travel to and from the Cradle of Liberty by land, sea and air. On arrival they will be welcomed in the spirit of Brotherly Love for which this great City is named. When they depart it will be with the kindest wishes of its inhabitants, a hearty God-speed, and a cordial invitation to come again.

It is certain that the delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention this month will take pride and pleasure in Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters' report on membership, which will be submitted to the Grand Lodge at this Session and which will appear in our August issue. This report gives evidence of a tremendous increase, which will of course be most gratifying. Better that that, however, is the knowledge that this increase was realized without the assistance of "drives" or concentrated campaigns. These new members, secured through the loyalty and pride of individual Elks, were acquired primarily through the magnificent record of the Order and a sincere desire on the part of our membership to have among their number others who have the same ideals and principles, who would find heartfelt satisfaction in being part of our great humanitarian Fraternity.

Under the leadership of Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, the past year has been an extremely active and successful one for the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. This is witnessed by the reports of the various Grand Lodge Committees which, together with Grand Secretary Masters' report, will be presented to the Convention at Philadelphia. We urge our audience to read and digest these reports as they appear in next month's issue of the Magazine, so that all may have a full realization of the extent of our activities.

VACATION TIME



THE MONTH OF JULY finds vacation time in full swing. The fragrance of young summer fills the air, and the open road calls insistently and temptingly. Cars of all makes and sizes, in all stages of disability and repair, are rolling over the highways. Some are driven with care and caution, and with strict obedience to the rules of the road. Others, not so carefully handled, are destined to cause trouble for themselves, and for innocent drivers who have the misfortune to come their way.

So many accidents mar the joys of vacation time, most of them avoidable by obedience to the simple rules of the road, exercise of care and judgment on the part of all drivers and proper attention to the condition of the car.

This promises to be a summer of much travel. It also will be a summer of safe travel, if every motorist will obey the rules of the road, and avoid taking chances at railroad crossings and when driving along strange, unfamiliar ways. Better less speed than the haunting memory of a fatal accident, or several months in a hospital bed.

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If you detect any of the following symptoms, see your doctor at once. It may not mean cancer, but if it should, remember that most cases can be cured if treated in time.

1. Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips. Do not pass it off as “nothing at all.” Go to the doctor.

2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue. Do not wait “to see what happens.” Go to the doctor.

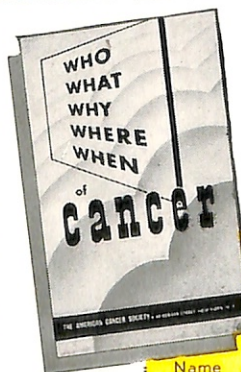
3. Irregular bleeding or discharge from any natural body opening. Do not wait for pain. Go to the doctor.

4. Persistent indigestion. Do not wait for loss of weight. Go to the doctor.

5. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark. Don't try salves or ointments. Go to the doctor.

6. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing. Do not assume that it is due to smoking or some other form of irritation which will clear up. Go to the doctor.

7. Any change in the normal bowel habits. Do not attempt to diagnose yourself. Go to the doctor.



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